



HAPPY GREETINGS

24











7/ Miss Sarah Mahaffy.

Xmas 1889.

Sunday School

Union Evangelical Church

Corona, L.I.



# HAPPY GREETINGS

A COLLECTION OF

CHOICE ORIGINAL HYMNS AND TUNES

SUITABLE FOR

Sunday-Schools, Bible Classes and the Home Circle

BY

ASA HULL

*Author of "Jewels of Praise," "Gem of Gems," Wreath of Praise," "Garlands of Praise," "Hull's Chorus Book,"  
"Temperance Rallying Songs," "Hull's Temperance Glee Book," "Gospel Praise Book," etc.*

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# P R E F A C E .

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“HAPPY GREETINGS” is another of our series of Sunday-school Music Books, prepared to meet the urgent demand on us for something new. Our past success has grown largely out of the fact that our books have uniformly been of a higher order, musically, than the ordinary Sunday-school Music Books, and “HAPPY GREETINGS” will be found fully up to our former standard of excellence; we think, a step in advance.

Sunday-schools are progressing musically, and are demanding a better class of music from year to year; hence our books are growing in popularity and in usefulness as they become more generally known.



Instead of devoting the last part of the book exclusively to the old music, as we have done heretofore, we have distributed the old tunes throughout this book to fill the parts of pages; thus giving a larger amount of available new music than formerly, and, at the same time, a choice selection of the old standard hymns and tunes, which is a great convenience to have in the same book with the new music.

In “HAPPY GREETINGS,” we offer just such a book as we believe every live Sunday-school will hail with joy, and send it forth on its mission to carry happy greetings to all throughout the whole length and breadth of our land.

PUBLISHER.

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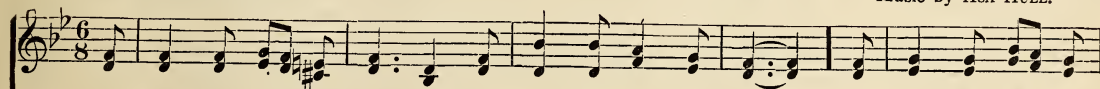
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# HAPPY GREETINGS.

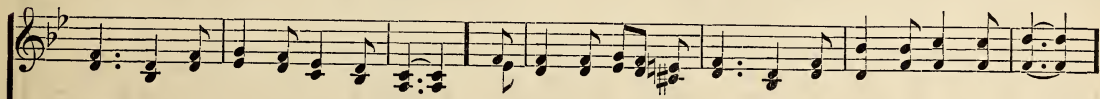
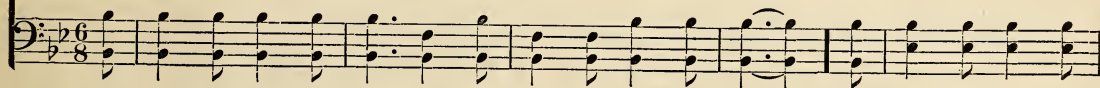
## Happy Greetings Bringing.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

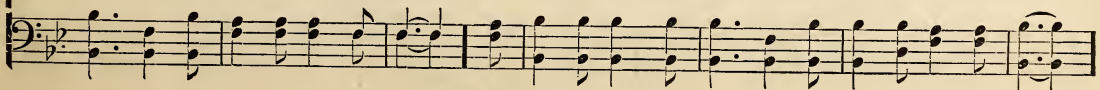
Music by ASA HULL.



1. We come with hap - py greet - ings, To all the chil - dren's throng ; And to their Sab - bath
2. No chords of plaint or sad - ness, The children's hearts should know ; But joy - ful notes of
3. With hap - py greet - ing blend - ing, This pray'r to God as - cends : That while our songs are



meet - ings, We bear the gift of song ; The songs of great sal - va - tion, The strains of ju - bi - lee !  
glad - ness, From youthful lips should flow ; Ho - san - na's hap - py fill - ing Your temple - arch - es high,  
wend - ing From lips of youthful friends, Their hearts be e'er re - peat - ing The songs of grace and love,

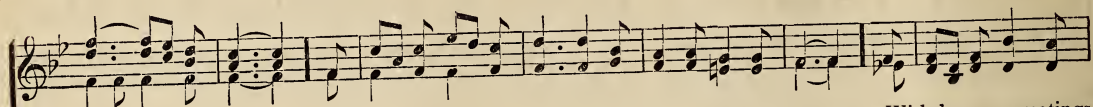
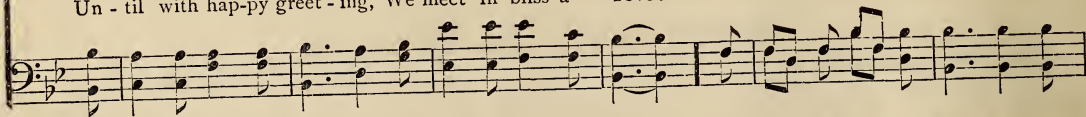


## Happy Greetings Bringing.—CONCLUDED.

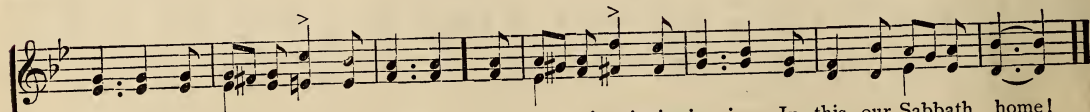
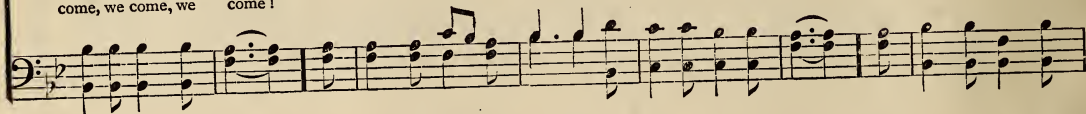
## REFRAIN.



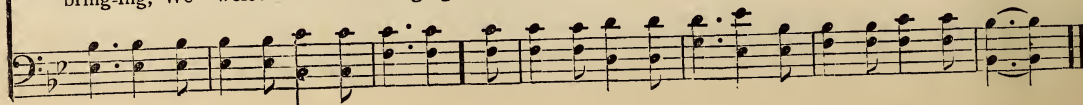
Of praise and ex - al - ta - tion, The shouts of sa - cred glee ! With hap - py greetings bring - ing, We  
 Un - til the mu - sic thrill - ing Sweeps far a - bove the sky !  
 Un - til with hap - py greet - ing, We meet in bliss a - bove ! We



come, we come ! We welcome thee with singing To this our Sabbath home ; With hap - py greetings  
 come, we come, we come !



bring - ing, We welcome thee with singing, While Je - sus' praise is ring - ing, In this our Sabbath home !



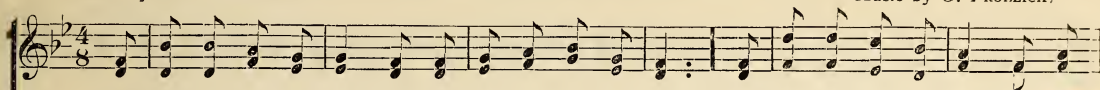


# What "Little Ones" Can Do.

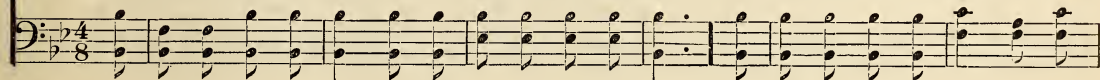
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Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

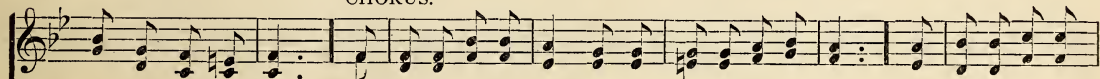
Music by G. FROELICH.



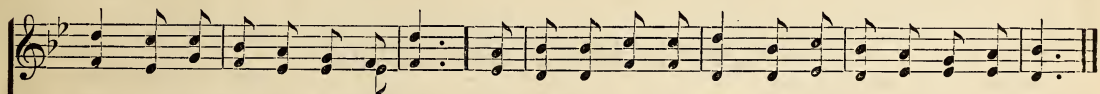
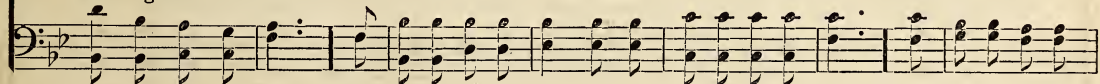
1. We want to work for Je - sus, We're ver-y small, 'tis true, But sure-ly there is some-thing For  
2. We can-not leave our moth-ers, And sail to far - off lands, But we can bring our pen - nies With



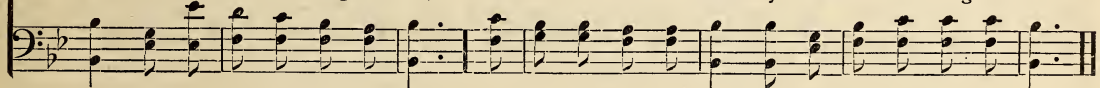
## CHORUS.



- lit - tle ones to do. Our Infant Class for Je - sus, And tho' our years are few, Still for His sake we  
will - ing hearts and hands.



- sure - ly Some lit - tle thing can do; Still for His sake we sure - ly Some lit - tle thing can do.



- 3 We can't preach like the pastor,  
Nor like our teacher dear,  
We can invite our playmates  
To listen to them here.

- 4 And if we are obedient,  
And always speak the truth,  
'Tis something done for Jesus  
Now in our early youth.

## Jesus is our Shepherd.

Words by HUGH STOWELL.

Music by GEORGE S. WEEKS.

1. Je - sus is our Shepherd, Wip-ing ev - 'ry tear; Fold-ed in His bo-som What have we to fear?  
 2. Je - sus is our Shepherd, For the sheep He bled; Ev - 'ry lamb is sprinkled With the blood He shed.  
 3. Je - sus is our Shepherd, With His goodness now, And His ten-der mer-cy, He doth us en - dow.

On - ly let us fol - low Whither He doth lead, To the thirst-y des - ert, Or the dew - y mead.  
 Then on each He set - teth His own se - cret sign: "They that have my Spir-it, These," saith He, "are mine."  
 Let us sing His prais-es With a gladsome heart, Till in heav'n we meet Him, Nev-er more to part.

## Let us Mind the Littles.

Words by Rev. R. W. TODD.

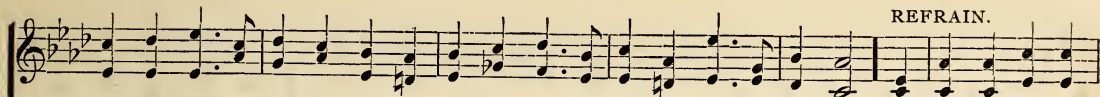
Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. By lit - tles, God cre - a - tion wrought, By lit - tles reared the mountains; By pow'r di - vine con-  
 2. By lit - tles, God His word re-vealed, Line aft-er line 'twas giv-en; From Ho-reb's Mount to  
 3. By lit - tles, we may learn of Him, Whose life was meek and low - ly; Still go - ing on we're

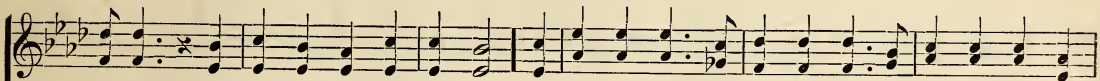
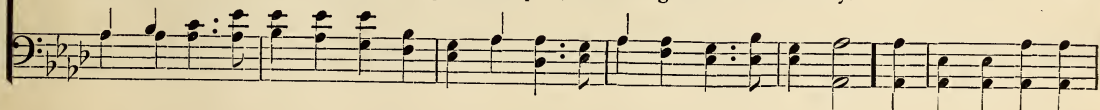
# Let us Mind the Littles.—CONCLUDED.

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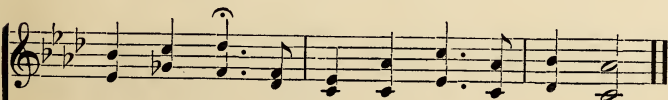
## REFRAIN.



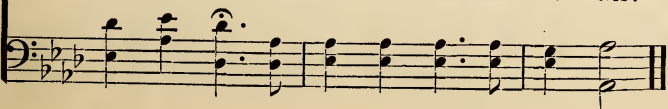
trolled by thought, From little grains the globe He brought, From drops the floods and fountains. Then let us mind the  
 Patmos' field, Thro' sixteen hundred years, 'twas sealed, And points the way to heav-en.  
 saved from sin, And thro' the gold-en gates sweep in, To min- gle with the ho - ly.



lit-tles, The smallest jots and tit - tles ; These treasured sums, when Jesus comes, Will buy a crown, and



give re - nown, So let us mind the lit - tles!



4.

By littles we our work may do,  
 A glorious task achieving ;  
 Till with Christ's servants, tried and true,  
 We take the blessed wages due  
 To working and believing.

REFRAIN.—Then let us mind, etc.



# Jesus Loves us All.

Music by ASA HULL.

Words by EDGAR PAGE.

1. Will-ing lit - tle voic-es raise To the Lord in cheer-ful praise; Tho' we are but young and small,  
2. Will-ing lit - tle hands to do What the Sav-iour bids us to; We can do a lit - tle, yes,

## REFRAIN.

Je - sus loves us, loves us all! Je - sus loves me, loves me well, More than lit - tle tongue can tell!  
And the do - er He will bless.

Je - sus loves me, loves me well, More than lit - tle tongue can tell!

3 Willing little feet to run,  
Till the busy day is done,  
Little errands, girls and boys,  
Precious work and blessed joys.

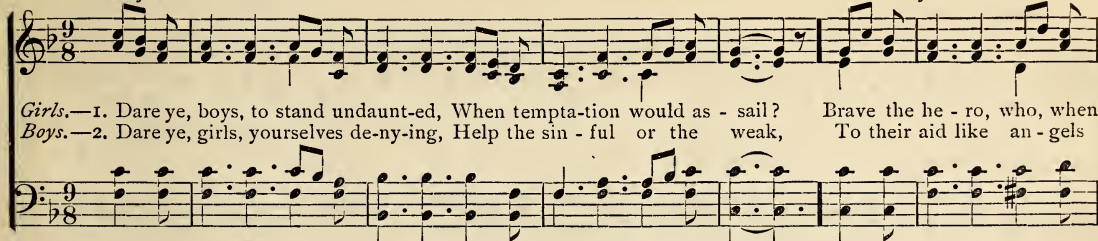
4 Willing little hearts to give  
To the Saviour, for Him live;  
Come and join our song of praise,  
For these happy Sabbath days.

# Dare ye to Stand.

9

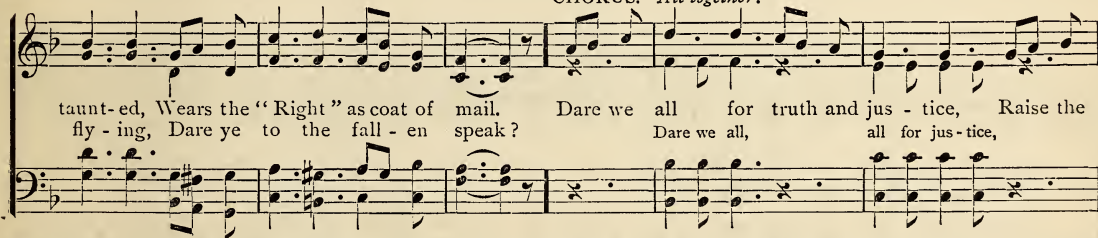
Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.



*Girls.*—1. Dare ye, boys, to stand undaunt-ed, When tempta-tion would as - sail? Brave the he - ro, who, when  
*Boys.*—2. Dare ye, girls, yourselves de-ny-ing, Help the sin - ful or the weak, To their aid like an - gels

CHORUS. *All together.*



taunt-ed, Wears the "Right" as coat of mail. Dare we all for truth and jus - tice, Raise the  
 fly - ing, Dare ye to the fall - en speak? Dare we all, all for jus - tice,



fall - en, help the weak; Daring all for Christ in ser - vice, We our high-est hon-or seek.  
 Raise the fall - en, help the weak; Dar-ing all for Christ in service,

*Girls.*—3 Dare ye live, your title wearing,  
 Christian, that the world may know,  
 You the life of Christ are sharing,  
 Dare you thus your colors show?

*All.*—4 Dared not Christ to leave His glory,  
 Dared He not on earth to live?  
 Dared He not that death so gory,  
 That He might salvation give?

## The Children's Rally.

Words by Miss P. J. OWENS.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Lift your standard true and bright, Onward, sol-diers of the right ;  
 2. Strength and courage He bestows, Heed no flat-t'ry, fear no foes ;

Je - sus comes our hearts to claim,  
 O'er the field of bat - tle wide,

## REFRAIN.

Ral - ly, com-rades, in His name. Ral - ly, ral - ly to the cross, Ral - ly, com-rades, to the cross ;  
 Fol-low Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

Ral - ly, ral - ly to the cross, Ral - ly to the cross of Christ.

- 3 With the angel legions bright,  
 With the martyrs clothed in white,  
 With the saints to glory gone,  
 Come, O children, follow on.
- 4 When the day of triumph shines  
 Bright o'er our victorious lines,  
 Then with the redeemed around,  
 We shall reign with Jesus crowned.

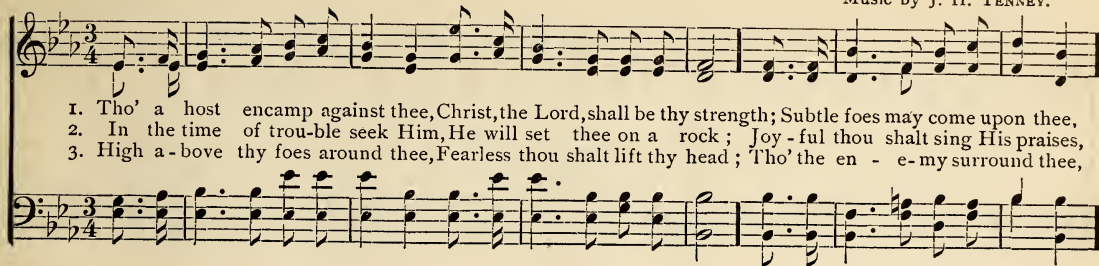


# Hide Away with Jesus.

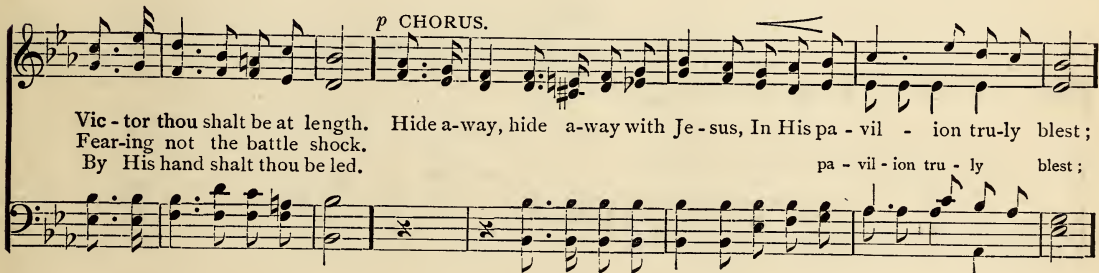
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Words by C. H. MANN.

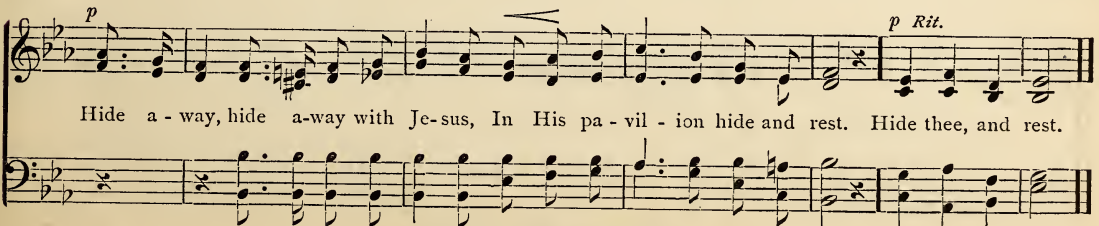
Music by J. H. TENNEY.



1. Tho' a host encamp against thee, Christ, the Lord, shall be thy strength; Subtle foes may come upon thee,  
 2. In the time of trouble seek Him, He will set thee on a rock; Joy-ful thou shalt sing His praises,  
 3. High a-bove thy foes around thee, Fearless thou shalt lift thy head; Tho' the en - e-my surround thee,



*p* CHORUS.  
 Vic-tor thou shalt be at length. Hide a-way, hide a-way with Je-sus, In His pa-vil-ion tru-ly blest;  
 Fear-ing not the battle shock.  
 By His hand shalt thou be led, pa-vil-ion tru-ly blest;



*p* *Rit.*  
 Hide a-way, hide a-way with Je-sus, In His pa-vil-ion hide and rest. Hide thee, and rest.

# What Shall we Do for Jesus?

Words and Music by LANTA WILSON SMITH.

*Allegretto.*

1. We are pil-grims, tho' we're small, Yet we love to work for Je - sus ; God, who notes the sparrow's fall,  
2. Lit - tle tasks of ev - 'ry day, Cheerfully we'll do for Je - sus ; Strive to walk the heav'nward way,

## CHORUS.

Counts whate'er we do for Je - sus. We'll serve Him day by day, And strew a - long the way  
That is what we'll do for Je - sus.

Sweet songs and blossoms gay : That is what we'll do for Je - sus.

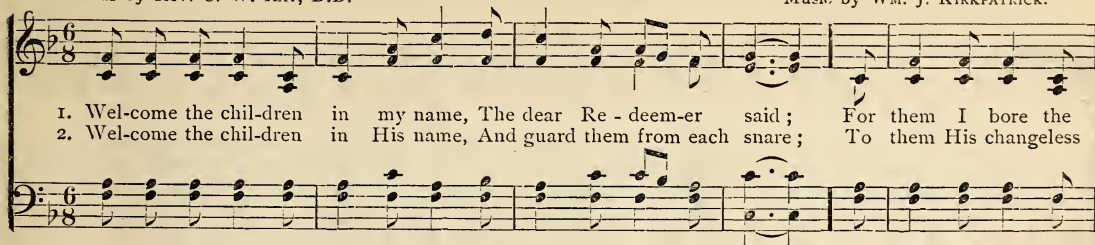
- 3 To the lonely, poor, and sad,  
We can speak a word for Jesus ;  
Making those about us glad,  
That is what we'll do for Jesus.
- 4 If we can do nothing more,  
We can sing a song for Jesus ;  
Sing His praises o'er and o'er,  
It may win a soul for Jesus.

# Welcome the Children.

13

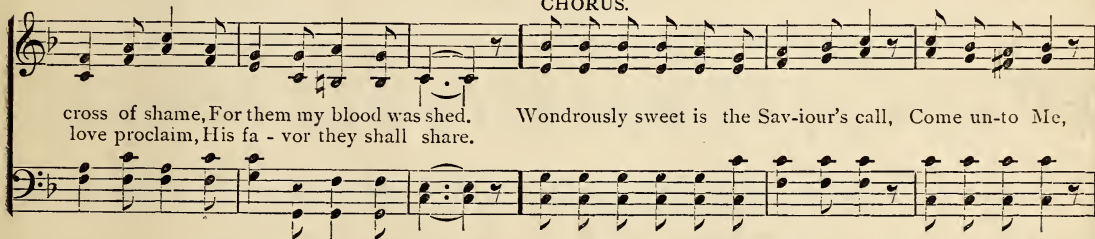
Words by REV. C. W. RAY, D.D.

Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

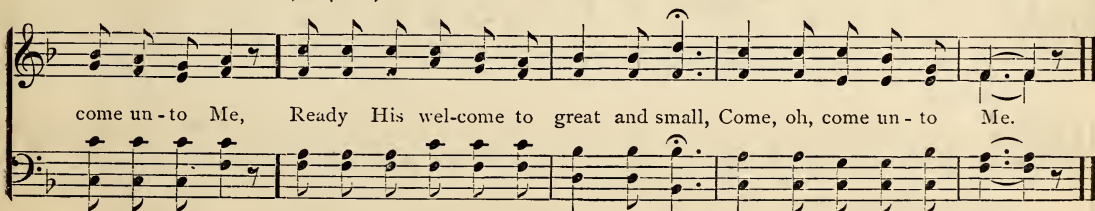


1. Wel-come the chil-dren in my name, The dear Re - deem-er said ; For them I bore the  
2. Wel-come the chil-dren in His name, And guard them from each snare ; To them His changeless

## CHORUS.



cross of shame, For them my blood was shed, Wondrously sweet is the Sav-iour's call, Come un-to Me,  
love proclaim, His fa - vor they shall share.



come un - to Me, Ready His wel-come to great and small, Come, oh, come un - to Me.

3 Welcome the children in His name,  
All who in Christ believe ;  
Each promise of His word may claim  
And crowns of life receive.

4 Welcome the children in His name,  
And guide them in life's way ;  
To seek and save the lost He came,  
Let none be turned away.

## Beacon Lights are Shining.

Words by ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

Music by S. J. VAIL.

1. Start-ing from the cra - dle t'ward the grave be-low, Treading in the foot-prints made so long a - go ;  
 2. Let us learn by oth - ers, shape our lives a - right ; O - pen wide our windows, let - ting in the light ;  
 3. Note the rock where many stumbled in the night, Trusting not the bea - con, heeding not its light ;

Do we note the land-marks all a - long the way ? Do we stop to gath - er wis - dom day by day ?  
 Im - i - tate the no - ble, cop - y, too, the brave, - From our beacon tow - er send a light to save.  
 Ev - er to the watch-tow'r turn a watchful eye, Thou shalt gather wis - dom as the days go by.

## CHORUS.

Bea-con lights are shin-ing from the hills and tow'rs, An-gel voic-es call-ing in the dark-est hours !



# Beacon Lights are Shining.—CONCLUDED.

15

Let us heed the warning, lest our feet should stray, Let us gath-er wis-dom all a - long the way.

## Somewhere.

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

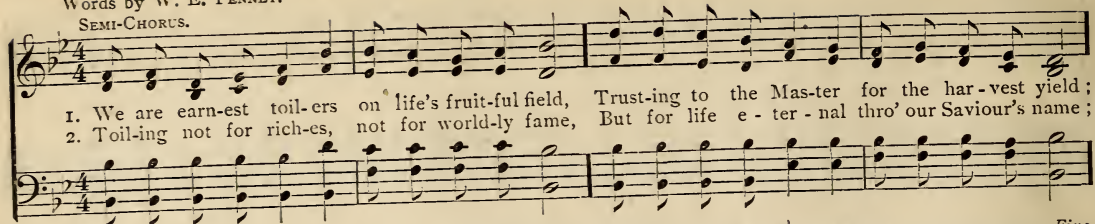
1. Somewhere, I know, for me Not yet in sight, Ris - es my man-sion fair, Shin - ing in light.  
2. Somewhere, my Saviour knows, I hear Him say, "Weep not, O home-less one! Go not a - stray;  
3. Somewhere, O bless-ed home, Wait - ing for me! Thy gar-dens of de - light, One day I'll see.

*Rit. ad lib.*  
Pa-tience, O wea-ry feet! There shall my rest be sweet, Somewhere, somewhere! Bless-ed and bright,  
Sure is my word of grace, I will pre-pare a place, Somewhere, somewhere! Trust me al - way."  
Hushed by an an - gel psalm, En-ter thy bless-ed calm, Somewhere, somewhere! Ransom'd and free!

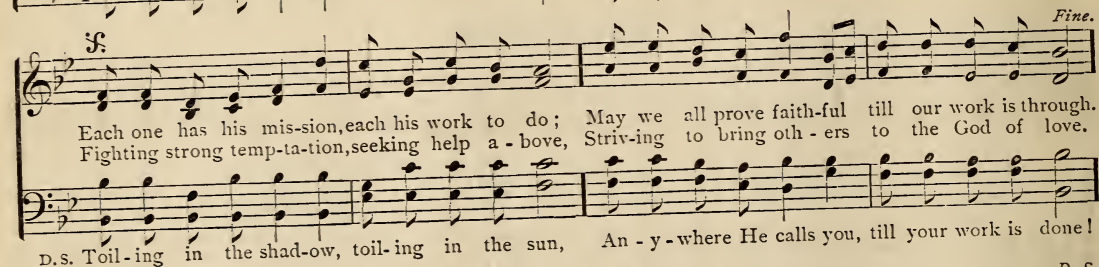
## Earnest Toilers.

Music by ASA HULL.

Words by W. E. PENNEY.  
SEMI-CHORUS.



1. We are earn-est toil-ers on life's fruit-ful field, Trust-ing to the Mas-ter for the har-vest yield;  
2. Toil-ing not for rich-es, not for world-ly fame, But for life e-ter-nal thro' our Saviour's name;

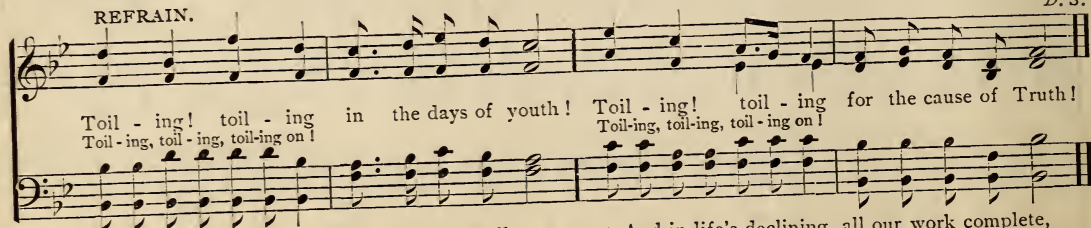


*Fine.*  
Each one has his mis-sion, each his work to do; May we all prove faith-ful till our work is through.  
Fighting strong temp-ta-tion, seeking help a-bove, Striv-ing to bring oth-ers to the God of love.

D.S. Toil-ing in the shad-ow, toil-ing in the sun, An-y-where He calls you, till your work is done!

REFRAIN.

D. S.



Toil-ing! toil-ing in the days of youth! Toil-ing! toil-ing for the cause of Truth!  
Toil-ing, toil-ing, toil-ing on!

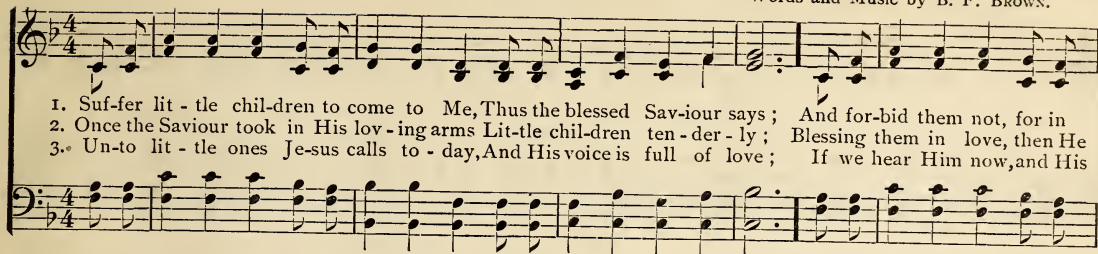
3 Truth, our shining sickle, learning to use well,  
Reaping in life's harvest, who the good can tell?  
Reaping in the shadow, reaping in the sun,  
Anywhere He calls us, till our work is done.

4 And in life's declining, all our work complete,  
We will lay our sickles at our Master's feet;  
And each patient toiler, all life's trials o'er,  
Will receive his portion—life for evermore.

# God's Little Ones.

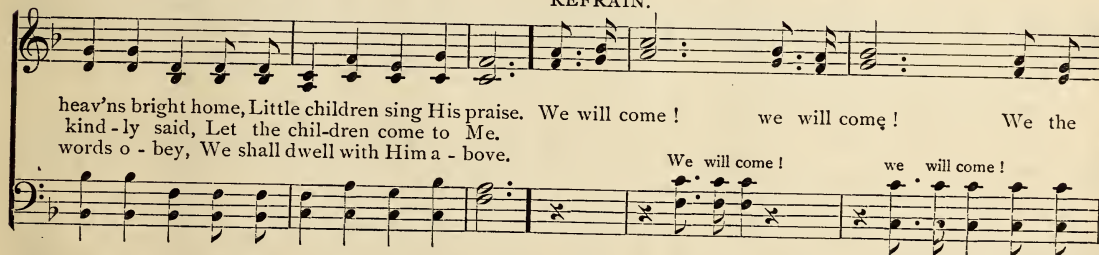
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Words and Music by B. F. BROWN.

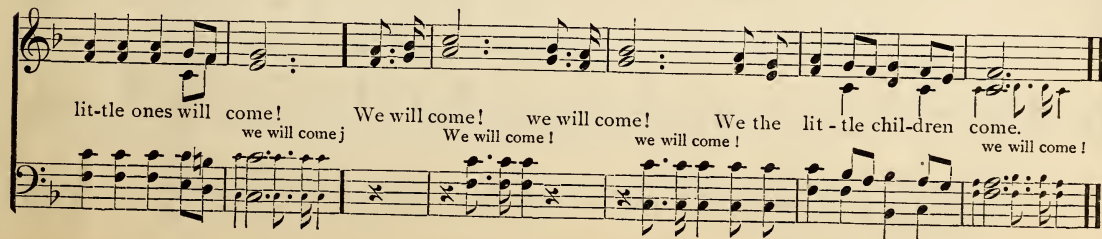


1. Suf-fer lit - tle chil-dren to come to Me, Thus the blessed Sav-iour says ; And for-bid them not, for in  
 2. Once the Saviour took in His lov-ing arms Lit-tle chil-dren ten-der-ly ; Blessing them in love, then He  
 3. Un-to lit - tle ones Je-sus calls to - day, And His voice is full of love ; If we hear Him now, and His

## REFRAIN.



heav'ns bright home, Little children sing His praise. We will come ! we will come ! We the  
 kind - ly said, Let the chil-dren come to Me.  
 words o - bey, We shall dwell with Him a - bove.



lit-tle ones will come ! We will come ! we will come ! We the lit - tle chil-dren come.  
 we will come j We will come ! we will come ! we will come ! we will come !

## Do thy Duty, do it Well.

Music by ASA HULL.

Words by Rev. W. H. LUCKENBACH.

*Not too fast.*

1. Do thy du - ty, though a cross, Crowns thus gained are not of dross; Crowns are they of  
 2. Do thy du - ty, nor de - lay, Sea - sons fair soon pass a - way; Har - vests are not

CHORUS.

pur - er worth, Than the di - a - dems of earth. Do thy du - ty, do it well!  
 gath - ered where Seed has not been sown with care.

What 'twill bring thee who can tell? Do it well, whate'er it be, God, thy Mak - er, asks of thee.

3 Do thy duty, never shirk,  
 Do it,—though 'tis humble work;  
 Good may follow thee for aye,  
 If thou doest well to-day.

4 Do thy duty,—never wait!  
 Do it ere it be too late!  
 Up and at it, lest thy sun  
 Sinks to rest before 'tis done.



# We Sing Jehovah's Praise.

19

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. We give our ban-ners to the breeze, We sing Je-ho-vah's praise; Ho-san-nas are our  
 2. The year has fled, a-gain we meet With-in our temples here; The praise of for-mer

CHORUS.

joy-ful glees, He led us all our ways. } O sing, sing, chil-dren all, Be-  
 years re-peat, 'Tis mer-cy crown'd the year. } sing ho-san-nas, sing ho-san-nas,

fore Him spread your palms, Un-til ye hear the call, Come join the heav'nly psalms!  
 Un-til ye hear the Mas-ter's call, the Mas-ter's call,

3 The heavens are His glorious throne,  
 We on His footstool dwell;  
 Yet over us His light has shone,  
 He doeth all things well.

4 Some of our lambs left earthly folds,  
 Some hearts to-day will weep;  
 The Shepherd kind your dear ones holds,  
 He gives His loved ones sleep.

## City of the Jasper Wall.

Words by E. E. BRONSON.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. O cit - y of the jas - per wall, And of the pearly gate! For thee a - mid the storms of life, Our  
 2. O cit - y where they need no light Of sun, or moon, or star; Could we with eye of faith but see How  
 3. O cit - y where the shin - ing gates Shut out all grief and sin; Well may we yearn amid earth's strife, The

wea - ry spir - its wait. We long to walk the streets of gold, No mortal feet have trod, We long to wor - ship  
 bright thy mansions are—How soon our doubts would fly away, How strong our trust would grow, Un - til our hearts should  
 ho - ly peace to win! Yet must we meekly bear the cross, Nor seek to lay it down, Un - til our Fa - ther

## CHORUS.

at the shrine, The temple of our God. O home of bliss, . . . O land of light, . . . Where  
 lean no more On tri - fles here be - low.  
 takes us home, And gives the golden crown! O home of bliss, O land of light,

# City of the Jasper Wall.—CONCLUDED.

21

fall-eth neither shade nor blight; Of ev - 'ry land the brightest, best, We there shall find sweet rest. . . . .  
shall find sweet rest.

*Rit.*

## Jerusalem the Golden.

Translated by J. M. NEALE.

Music by ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold-en! With milk and honey blest; Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice oppress.  
2. They stand, those halls of Zion, All jubilant with song, And bright with many an angel, And all the martyr throng.  
3. And they who with their Leader Have conquer'd in the fight, For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

I know not, O! I know not What joys await me there; What radiancy of glo-ry, What bliss beyond compare.  
There is the throne of David, And there from toil releas'd, The shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast.  
O lane that seest no sorrow! O state that fear'st no strife! O roy-al land of flowers! O realms of home and life.

## Keep your Record Clean.

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. The world's a field of bat-tle, An earnest, no-ble strife, Against a host of e - vils That seek to ru - in life.  
 2. Great dangers throng about you, The foe is everywhere, Be pure and brave in living, Be strong to do and dare.  
 3. From birth to day of dy - ing, Each page is white and fair; O keep from blot or blemish The story written there.

From in-fan-cy to manhood, The years that lie between, Are full of sore temptation ;—O keep your record clean.  
 Touch not the thing un-ho-ly, That will your life demean, In station high or low-ly—O keep your record clean.  
 In all our earthly tri - als No grander thing is seen Than stainless, upright manhood ;—O keep your record clean.

## CHORUS.

O keep your record clean, A stainless page each day; The road that leads to heaven Is a straight and narrow way.

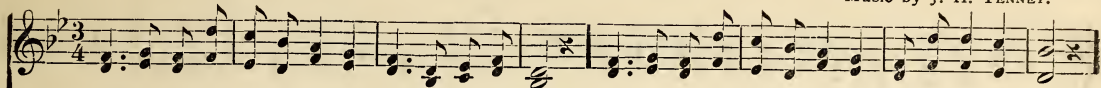


# The Lost is Found.

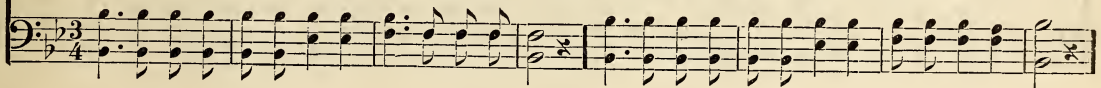
23

Words by Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

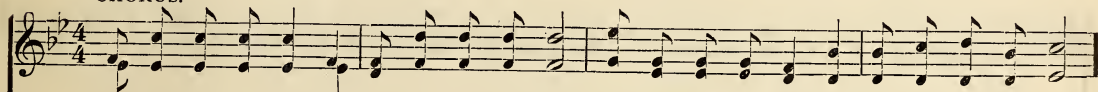
Music by J. H. TENNEY.



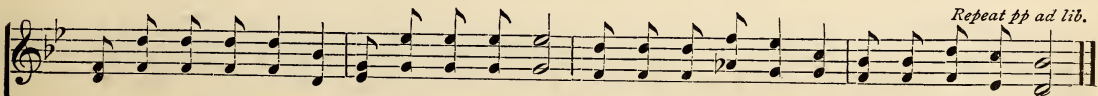
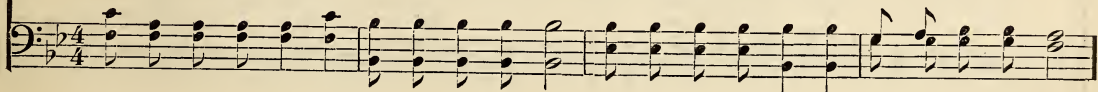
1. In the broad way Christ is seeking Souls by sin enslav'd; He the word of pow'r is speaking, And the lost are sav'd!
2. Christ on spirits bruise'd and bleeding Pours the oil divine; Gives what hungry souls are needing, Cheers with words sublime!
3. Christ in tones of sweet persuasion Pleads for all to come! Yea, with pity and compassion Brings the wand'rer home.



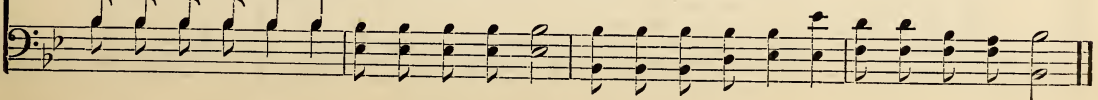
## CHORUS.



Ser-aphs ! tune your voic-es to a joy pro-found, Heav'n with earth re-joic-es, for the lost is found !

*Repeat pp ad lib.*

Ser-aphs ! tune your voic-es to a joy pro-found ! Heav'n with earth re-joic-es, for the lost is found.



## The Master is Calling.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. The Mas-ter is call-ing you, call-ing to work, Where pur-ple the clus-ters grow ripe in the sun;  
 2. The show-ers have fallen, the sun-light has smil'd; The fruit has be guard-ed with ten-der-est care;  
 3. There high from the tower the Mas-ter doth bend, And glad is His heart at the vin-tage so great;

With songs grace the la - bor, no lan-guor may lurk, While work in the vine-yard of God may be done.  
 Now up to your la - bor, youth, maiden, and child, Come gath-er, come gath-er, the fruit ripe and rare.  
 With song and with gladness to the vineyard wend, The Mas-ter is call-ing, no long-er then wait.

## CHORUS.

Haste, Haste to the work. Haste, haste and gath-er in, The store will be great when the har-vest has ceased;

# The Master is Calling.—CONCLUDED.

25

Haste, Haste, Then all will re-joice at the har-vest-ers' feast.  
Haste to the work, Haste and gath-er in,

## Little Soldiers.

Words arr. by H. SANDERS.

Music by H. SANDERS.

1. O we are lit-tle soldiers, And tho' not ver-y old, We mean to live for Je-sus, And win our crowns of gold.  
2. We love our precious Saviour, Because for us He died ; We want to serve and praise Him, And stay close by His side.  
3. We now can do but lit-tle, But that we'll do with joy ; We'll al-ways follow Je-sus, We find it sweet em-ploy.

We know He makes us happy, And loves us all the day ; We'll be His lit-tle soldiers,—The Bible says we may.  
He gives us ev-ery comfort, And hears us when we pray ; We want to live for Je-sus,—The Bible says we may.  
God help, and make us faithful, In all we do and say ; We want to live like Christians,—The Bible says we may.

## Toiling Pilgrims.

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. { We are but pilgrims toil-ing, toil-ing, toil-ing, We are but pilgrims toil-ing, We're toiling day by day ; }  
 { And we have journey'd onward, on - ward, on-ward, And we have journey'd onward, Along the heav'nly way. }  
 2. { The way may be but nar - row, nar - row, nar-row, The way may be but nar-row, Yet we will jour-ney on. }  
 { Un - til we reach yon mansions, mansions, mansions, Until we reach yon mansions, Un-til the goal is won. }

## CHORUS.

We are bound for the heav'nly king-dom, The bless - ed king-dom ; So we jour-ney on till the  
 bless-ed, bless - ed

goal is won, And we wear a crown in the king-dom.

3 Thro' many sorrows coming, coming, coming,  
 We'll reach our home at last,  
 And enter in with gladness, gladness, gladness,  
 Life toils and trials past.

4 And then we'll be with Jesus, be with Jesus,  
 And love Him evermore,  
 And share the joy and glory, joy and glory,  
 On yonder blissful shore.



# The Rose of Sharon.

27

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. Where blossoms fair sweet Sharon's Rose, The Saviour oft His footsteps guided; And by calm riv - ers oft He  
 2. And where He went, the children came, Drawn by the mag - ic of His glanc - es; Ho-san-nas shouting to His

CHORUS.  
 chose To lin - ger when He here a - bid - ed. } O bring your palms, your waving palms, And strew them  
 name, And wav - ing palms hailed His ad - vanc - es. } Bring your palms, wav - ing palms,

for the Sav - iour; And sing with joy your hymns and psalms—Come, share His lov - ing fa - vor!  
 Sing with joy hymns and psalms,

3 On many a head He laid His hands,  
 And breathed a loving holy blessing,  
 As round Him pressed the children band,  
 To feel His tender touch caressing.

4 E'en yet each child His int'rest shares,  
 For them His heart of love is beating;  
 The Kingdom of the Lord is theirs,  
 They'll enter there when life is fleeting.

## Deeds of Kindness.

Words by LANTA WILSON SMITH.

Music by ASA HULL.

*Andante.*

1. How gen - tly falls the dew of night Up - on the thirst - y land ; Till droop - ing flow - ers  
 2. The burn - ing sun of sin and woe Pours down its fer - vid ray, And all a - round us  
 3. They clus - ter all a - bout our path, The poor, the lone, the sad ; An outstretched hand may

bloom again, As fresh from God's own hand. So deeds of kindness cheer the heart, Bow'd down with grief and care ;  
 burden'd ones Are sink - ing day by day. O where's a hand to help the weak, And hearts to feel their needs ;  
 save from sin, A word may make them glad. No human heart has sunk so low But what some good is there,

*ritard.*

4.

Till buds of hope, and joy, and love, Yield blossoms rich and rare.  
 To shed up - on their fainting souls The dew of kind - ly deeds.  
 We may awake the sleeping germ By love and ten - der care.

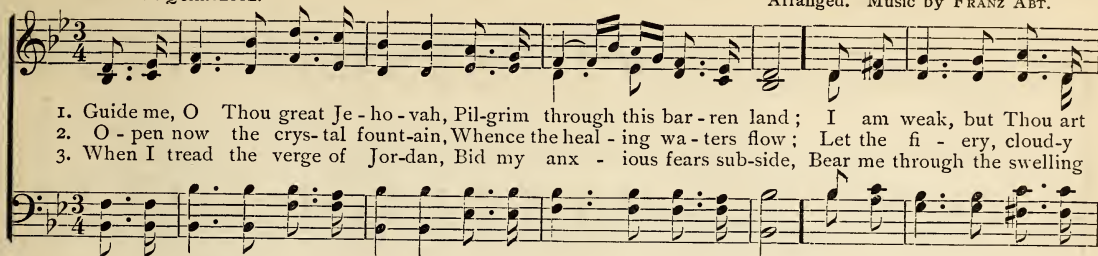
In helping others, we are blest  
 And paid an hundredfold,  
 With knowledge of the Father's smile  
 And joy and peace untold.  
 Thus deeds of kindness, acts of love,  
 Bring fruitage rich and rare,  
 And angels watching from above  
 See naught on earth so fair.

# The Pilgrim's Guide.

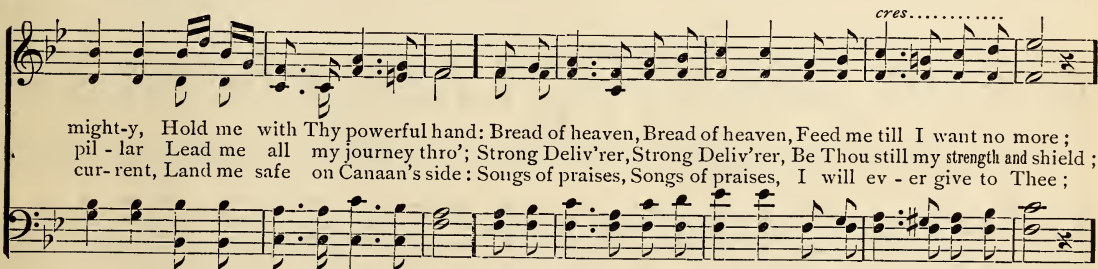
29

SOLO OR QUARTETTE.

Arranged. Music by FRANZ ABT.

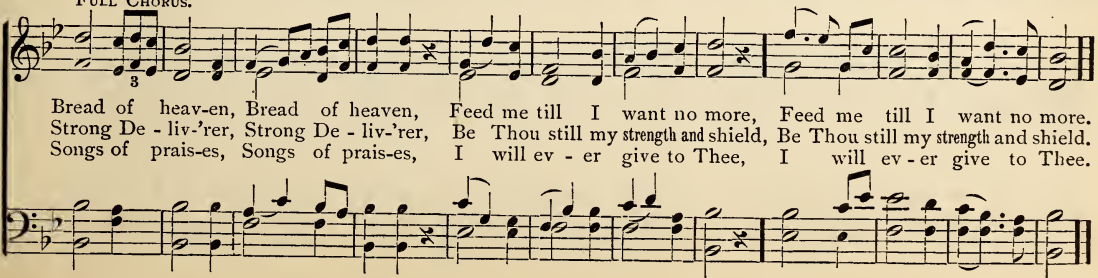


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim through this bar - ren land ; I am weak, but Thou art  
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal fount - ain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow ; Let the fi - ery, cloud-y  
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub-side, Bear me through the swelling



might-y, Hold me with Thy powerful hand: Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more ;  
 pil - lar Lead me all my journey thro' ; Strong Deliv'rer, Strong Deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield ;  
 cur - rent, Land me safe on Canaan's side : Songs of praises, Songs of praises, I will ev - er give to Thee ;

FULL CHORUS.



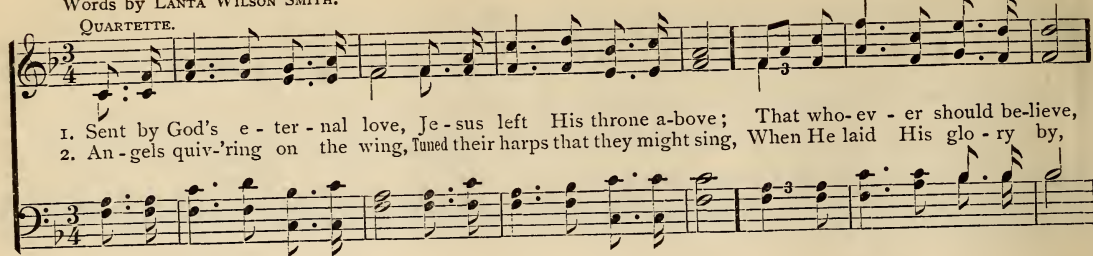
Bread of heav-en, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.  
 Strong De - liv-'rer, Strong De - liv-'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield.  
 Songs of prais-es, Songs of prais-es, I will ev - er give to Thee, I will ev - er give to Thee.

## God's Eternal Love.

Words by LANTA WILSON SMITH.

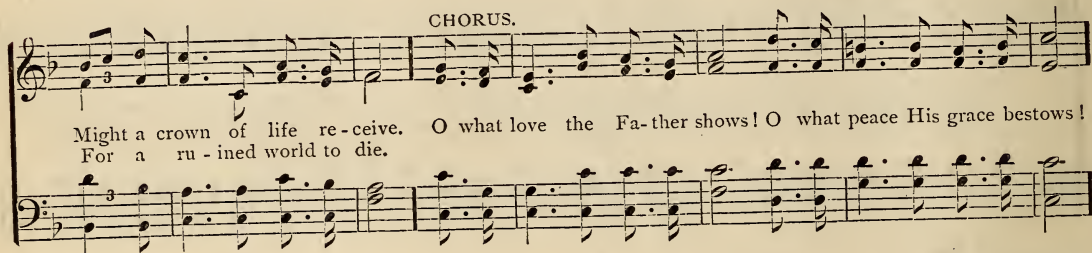
Music by ASA HULL.

## QUARTETTE.

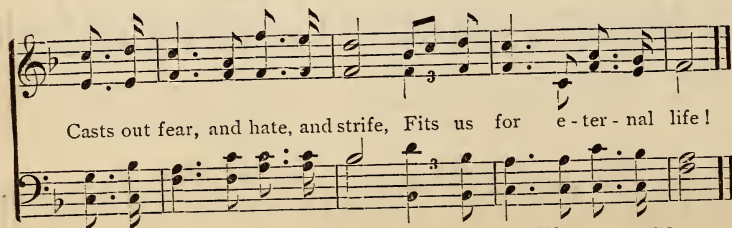


1. Sent by God's e - ter - nal love, Je - sus left His throne a - bove; That who - ev - er should be - lieve,  
2. An - gels quiv - ring on the wing, Tuned their harps that they might sing, When He laid His glo - ry by,

## CHORUS.



Might a crown of life re - ceive. O what love the Fa - ther shows! O what peace His grace bestows!  
For a ru - ined world to die.



Casts out fear, and hate, and strife, Fits us for e - ter - nal life!

3 In that sinful heart of thine  
Canst thou doubt His love divine;  
Doubt the love that saves the soul,  
Makes the wounded spirit whole.

4 If the Lord hath loved us so,  
We should live in peace below;  
Whether brother, foe, or friend,  
Love each other to the end.

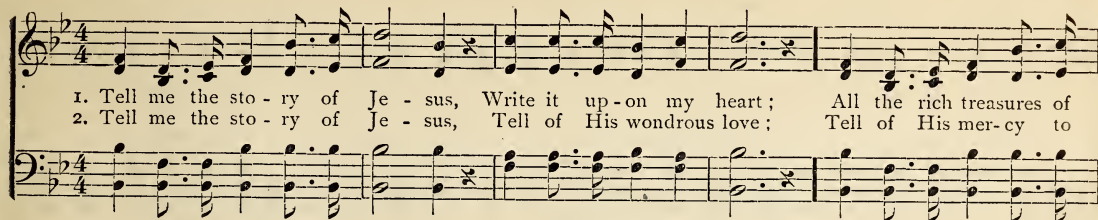


# Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

31

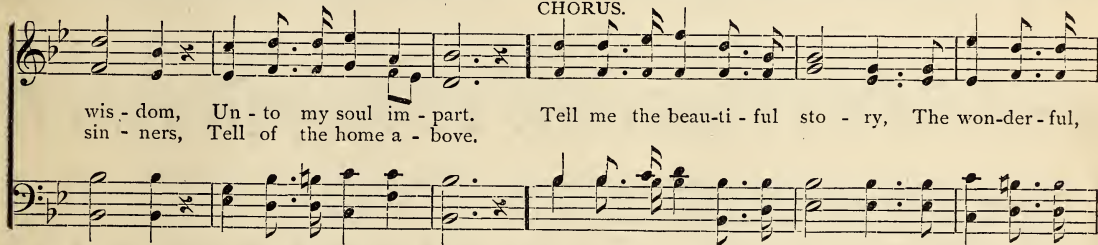
Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

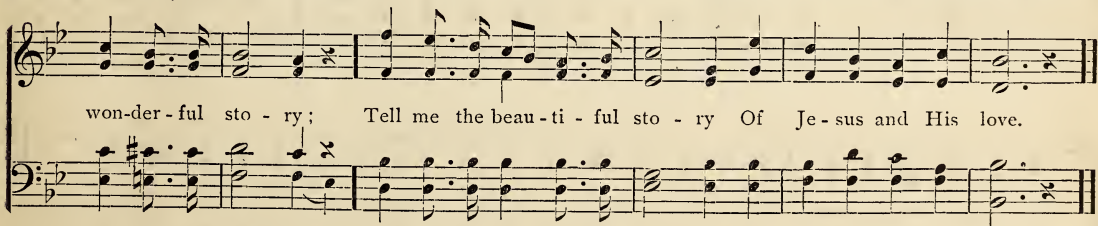


1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write it up-on my heart; All the rich treasures of  
2. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Tell of His wondrous love; Tell of His mer-cy to

## CHORUS.



wis - dom, Un - to my soul im - part. Tell me the beau-ti - ful sto - ry, The won-der - ful,  
sin - ners, Tell of the home a - bove.



won-der - ful sto - ry; Tell me the beau-ti - ful sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

3 Tell me the story of Jesus,  
What He endured for me,  
First in the sorrowful garden,  
Then on the shameful tree.

4 Tell me the story of Jesus;  
Never a word withhold;  
Sacred the message and precious,  
Precious far more than gold.

5 Tell me the story of Jesus;  
Wondrous the joy will be  
Often to hear of the Saviour,  
And of His love so free.

## Gather the Children In.

Words by R. H. SEARLES.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Gath-er the chil-dren in - to the fold, Gather them in in num-bers bold; Gather them in from the'  
 2. Gath-er them in - to our lov-ing band; Gather them in for God's right hand; Gather them in from the  
 3. Gath-er them in when the morn is bright; Gather them in by noon-day's light; Gather them in at the

CHORUS.

broad highway, Gath-er them in while yet you may. Gath-er them in, let the house be full, Gath-er them  
 haunts of sin; Gath-er the lit - tle wand'ers in.  
 day's de-cline, Gath-er them in, "Like stars to shine."

in - to the Sunday School; Gather them in, gath - er them in, Gath - er them in - to the Sun - day School.

# The Heavenly Ladder.

33

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

*Not too fast.*

1. We're climbing the heav-en - ly lad - der, That Ja - cob once saw in his dream ; Its foot rests on earthly foun-  
2. The an-gels, the white-rob'dim-mor-tals, As - cending, descending to - day, Point up to the bright pearly

## CHORUS.

da - tion, Its top bathes in heaven's own gleam. How high . . . . . have you mount - ed, Teachers and  
por - tals, And guide on the clear-shining way. How high on the rounds, on the rounds have you mounted,

scholars, this year ? . . . . Have you ev'ry temp-ta-tion surmounted ? Are you nearing the haven so dear ?  
this well-rounded year ?

3 Ye who have with earnest endeavor  
Climbed high on the ladder of gold,  
Reach down, lift the weaker ones ever,  
The stumbling from falling uphold.

4 Each year, then, as steadily mounting,  
We climb t'ward the land of the blest ;  
We meet, and the rounds gladly counting,  
Press on t'ward youn heaven and rest.

## Words of Comfort.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Walk-ing thro' the crowd-ed cit - y, Forms with shame and sor-row bowed, Mute-ly plead for words of  
 2. Did ye e'er, with kind-ly voi - ces, Speak of hope to one of these, Of yon hea - ven which re-

CHORUS.

pit - y, They are sha - dowed by a cloud, Speak a word of ten - der com - fort, Point them  
 joi - ces, When the path of sin he leaves?

to the Star of hope ; Tell them of a might-y Sav-iour, With the temp - ter who can cope.

3 Who can tell the anguish tearing,  
 Till the heart strings nearly break ;  
 Shall we let them go uncaring  
 And the helpless ones forsake ?

4 Many a cry from hearts ariseth,  
 That the lips will yet suppress ;  
 Many a tear their eye surpriseth,  
 That they'll but to God confess.



# What Shall We Bring to Jesus?

35

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. What shall we bring to Je - sus? A song of thankful praise On this, the ho - ly Sab - bath, The  
 2. What shall we bring to Je - sus? An of - fer - ing of prayer, As - cend - ing to the heav - ens, To  
 3. Our hearts to warmly love Him, Our hands His work to do, Our lips to laud and praise Him, And

beau - ti - ful of days; An an - them of re - joic - ing And grat - i - tude we sing, Just such a gift of  
 greet the Saviour there; Our souls, in warm pe - ti - tion, Rise up - ward to our King; This is the gift, dear  
 to confess Him, too; These are the on - ly off - rings, We lay be - fore our King; These are the on - ly

*Fine.* REFRAIN.

*D. S.* Our songs, our hearts, our

*D. S.*

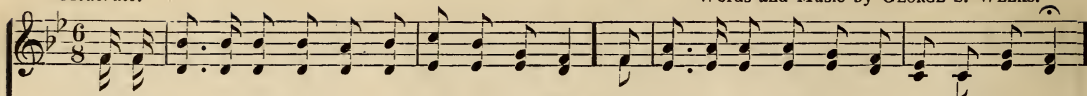
glad - ness, As lit - tle ones can bring. This is our gift to Je - sus, This of - fer - ing we bring:  
 Sav - iour, The lit - tle chil - dren bring.  
 treasures We lit - tle ones can bring.

all we give In hon - or of our King.

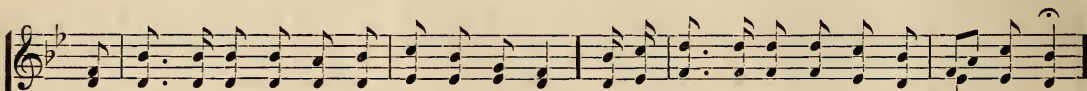
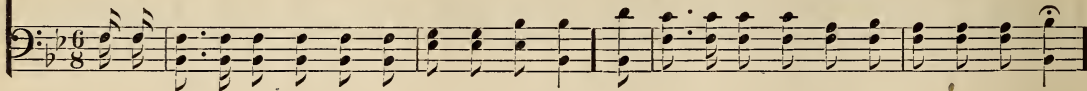
The Fountain of Life.

*Moderato.*

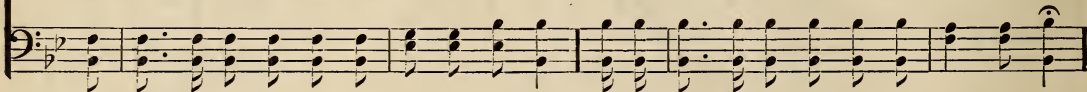
Words and Music by GEORGE S. WEEKS.



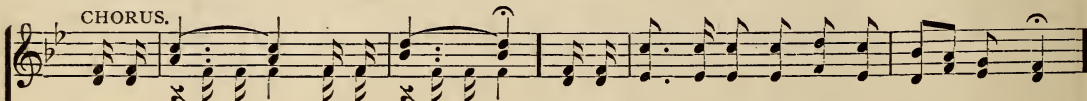
1. Come a-way to life's foun-tain, so bright and so fair, Where floweth its wa-ters a-bun-dant and free!  
2. Come a-way to the foun-tain for bless-ing and rest, The Sav-iour is wait-ing to wel-come thee there;  
3. Come a-way to the foun-tain for cour-age and cheer, And wait there for healing and cleansing and joy;



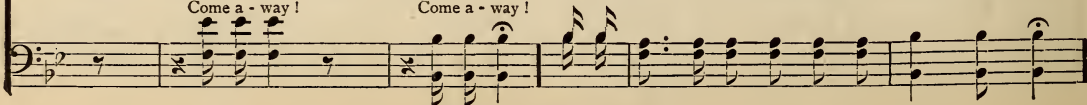
It wel-comes thee ev-er its boun-ty to share, For its flow is thy heal-ing, e-ter-nal-ly!  
The Spir-it will guide to the realms of the blest, There is joy in His presence, free-dom from care.  
Then free from the law, and from sin and all fear, You shall taste of its pleas-ures with-out al-loy!



CHORUS.



Come a - way!..... Come a - way!..... Come a-way to life's fountain so bright and fair!



# The Fountain of Life.—CONCLUDED.

37

Come a - way!..... Come a - way!..... It wel-comes thee ev - er its bless-ings to share.

Come a - way! Come a - way! Come a - way!

## Rothwell.

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

Music by W. TANSUR.

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does His suc - ces - sive journeys run ; His kingdom spread from  
2. From north to south the princ-es meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet ; While western em-pires  
3. To Him shall endless pray'r be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head ; His name like sweet per-

shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at - tend His word, And sav - age tribes at - tend His word.  
fume shall rise Like ev - ery morn-ing sac - ri - fice, Like ev - ery morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

## The Mighty March.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Conq'ring God, go forth in glo - ry, Bless - ed Christ, as - sert Thy sway ; Ho - ly Spir - it, lift the  
2. Towns and cit - ies, land and o - cean, Ban - ner'd hosts and marshall'd men, Lift the blood - stain'd standard

REFRAIN.

peo - ple Out of dark - ness in - to day. Raise the an - them high as heav - en, Raise the  
high - er, Shout a - loud the great A - MEN. Raise the an - them high as heav - en,

grand tri - umph - al arch ; Make way, con - ti - nents and nations, Truth is on its might - y march.  
Raise the grand triumphal arch ;

3 Jesus saves from sin's pollution,  
Jesus saves from doubt and fear ;  
Jesus saves, and saves us fully,  
Shout the tidings far and near.

4 Men of faith, go take your station,  
Send the joyful tidings forth ;  
From the east to golden sunset,  
Blooming south and frozen north.

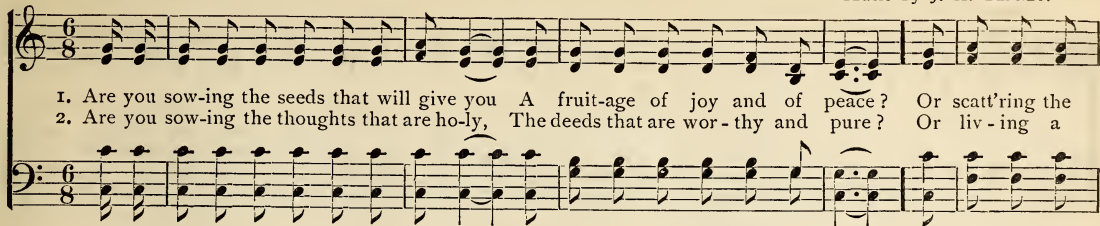


# What are You Sowing?

39

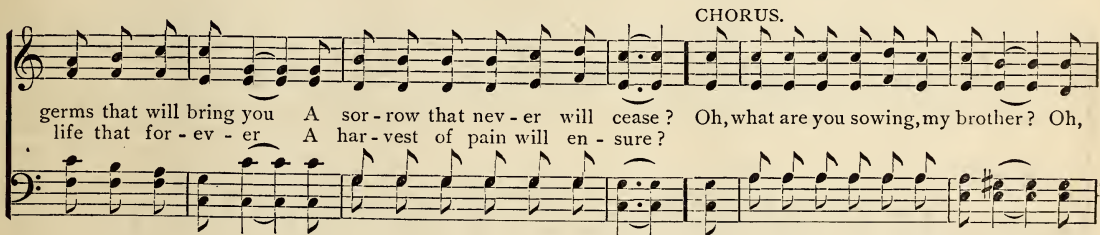
Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.



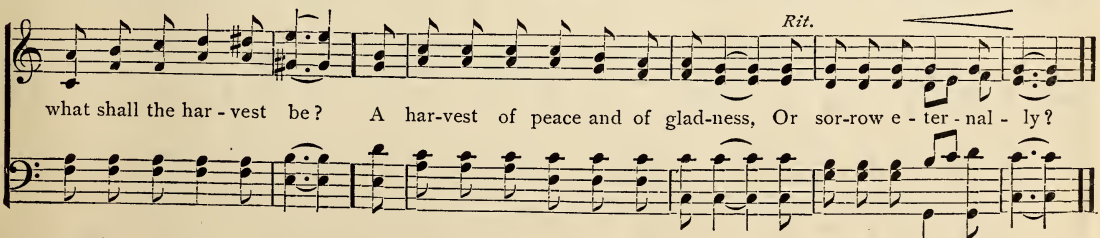
1. Are you sow-ing the seeds that will give you A fruit-age of joy and of peace? Or scatt'ring the  
2. Are you sow-ing the thoughts that are ho-ly, The deeds that are wor- thy and pure? Or liv-ing a

CHORUS.



germs that will bring you A sor-row that nev-er will cease? Oh, what are you sowing, my brother? Oh,  
life that for-ev-er A har-vest of pain will en-sure?

*Rit.*



what shall the har-vest be? A har-vest of peace and of glad-ness, Or sor-row e-ter-nal-ly?

- 3 Are you sowing the seeds that will blossom  
In golden and beautiful grain?  
Or planting but thorns and but thistles,  
To gather but thistles again?

- 4 Are you sowing to reap in the future  
The Christian's eternal reward?  
Or but to be banished forever  
From Jesus, your glorified Lord?

Late! Too Late!

Words by TENNYSON.

Music by ASA HULL.

SEMI-CHORUS.\*—*The Foolish Virgins.*

SEMI-CHORUS.\*—*The Foolish Virgins.*

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is an instrumental line in bass clef. Both staves are in 4/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The instrumental line begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

I. Late! late, so late! and dark the night and chill! Late! late, so late! but we can en - ter still!

INST.

SOLO.—*The Bridegroom.* Sing this again after 4th v., closing with *Finale.* SEMI-CHORUS.—*The Foolish Virgins.*

SOLO.—The Bridegroom. Sing this again after the Chorus.

Too late! too late! ye can-not en-ter now!

2. No light had we; for that we do re-pent,  
3. Tho' we are late—and dark and chill the night!  
4. Have we not heard, the Bridegroom is so sweet,  
INST.

RESPONSE. Too late! too late! can-not en-ter now!

*Return to Solo three times.*      **FINALE**, all together.

Return to Solo three times. FINALE, all together.

And learn-ing this the Bridegroom will re-lent.  
O may we yet find fa - vor in His sight.  
O let us in that we may kiss His feet.

Too late! too late! { we } cannot en - ter now!  
                                  { you }

*ff*

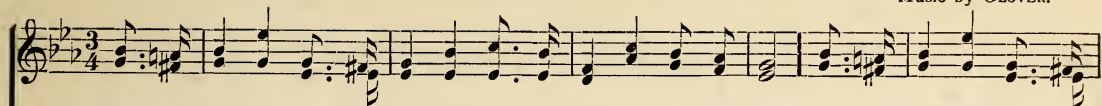
\* *Semi-Chorus should be sung by five girls. The Bridegroom's Solo, by a young man. Response by a Quartette, concealed from view, or Instrumental.*  
COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY ASA HULL.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY ASA HULL.

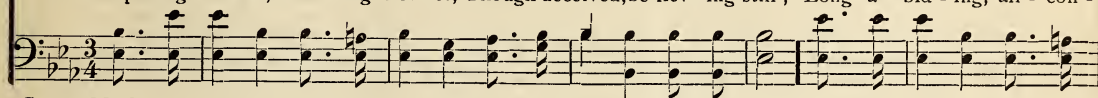
# Charity.

41

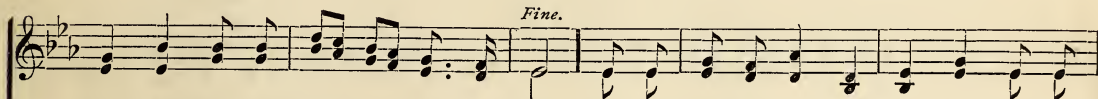
Music by GLOVER.



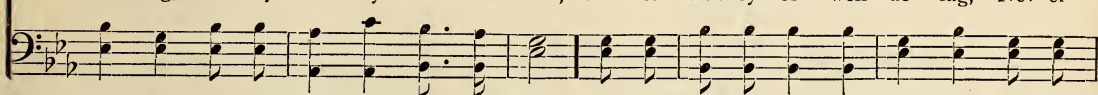
1. Meek and low-ly, pure and hò-ly, Chief a-mong the bless-ed three ; Turn-ing sad-ness in - to
2. Hop-ing ev-er, fail-ing nev-er, Though deceived, be-liev-ing still ; Long a-bid-ing, all-con-



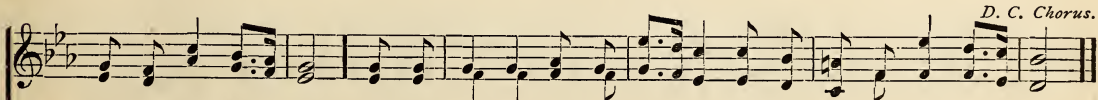
CHO.—Meek and low-ly, pure and hò-ly, Chief a-mong the bless-ed three ; Turn-ing sad-ness in - to



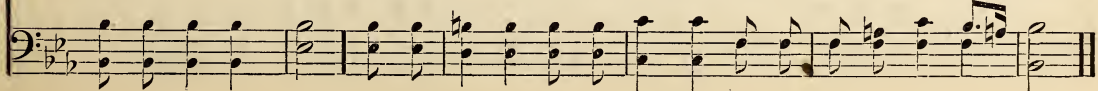
glad-ness, Heav'n-born art thou, char-i-ty. Pit-y dwell-eth in thy bo-som, Kindness  
fid-ing, To thy heav'n-ly Fa-ther's will ; Nev-er wea-ry of well-do-ing, Nev-er



glad-ness, Heav'n-born art thou, char-i-ty.



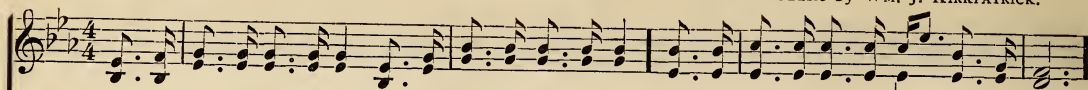
reign-eth o'er thy heart ; Gen-tle thoughts a-lone can sway thee, Judgment hath in thee no part.  
fear-ful of the end ; Claim-ing all mankind as broth-ers, Thou dost all a-like be-friend.



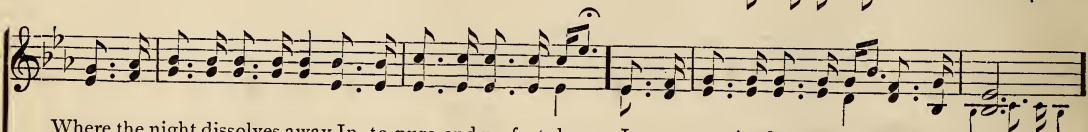
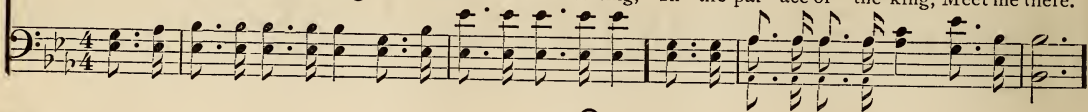
## Meet Me There.

Words by H. E. BLAIR.

Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

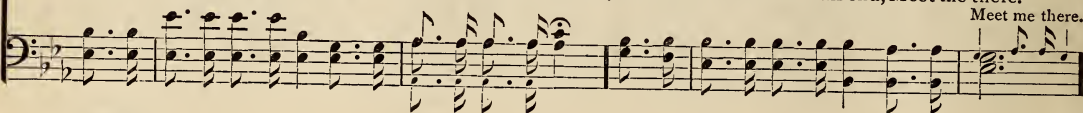


1. On the happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there.
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain, But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there.
3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the pal - ace of the king, Meet me there.

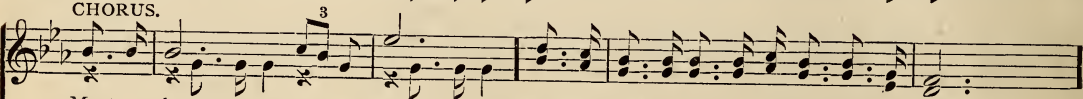


Where the night dissolves away In - to pure and perfect day, I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.  
 By the river sparkling bright, In the cit - y of de - light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.  
 Where in sweet communion blend Heart with heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

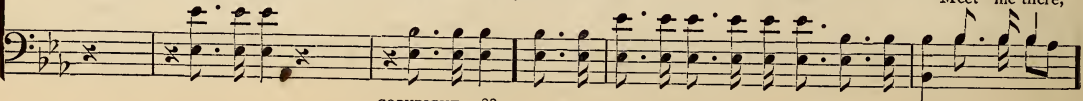
Meet me there.



## CHORUS.



Meet me there, meet me there, Where the Tree of Life is blooming, Meet me there ;  
 Meet me there, meet me there, Meet me there,





When the storms of life are o'er, On the happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

Meet me there.

The musical score for 'Meet Me There' consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

# Jesus is Mine.

Words by Dr. H. BONAR.

Music by ASA HULL. Arr.

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!  
 2. Tempt not my soul a-way; Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!  
 3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawning bright, Je - sus is mine!

Dark is the wil - derness; Earth has no rest - ing-place; Je - sus a - lone can bless; Je - sus is mine!  
 Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way; Je - sus is mine!  
 All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void; Je - sus has sat - is - fied; Je - sus is mine!

The musical score for 'Jesus is Mine' is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It features three verses of lyrics. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the accompaniment providing a steady harmonic base.

## Blessed Mansion.

Words by Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. There's a man-sion, bright and shin-ing, Christ, the Saviour, dwelleth there; Sweetest songs of an-gel  
2. In that man-sion, bright and shin-ing, Come no dusk-y shades of night, For the Lord, in glo-ry

SOLO.

mu-sic Fill the pure and balmy air. Soft-ly now the lute and or-gan Join the harp's har-mo-nious  
reigning, Is the beauty, life, and light. Still the harps of gold are ringing, Echoes bound-ing\* far and

CHORUS.

lay,... And rich voice-s sweetly chanting, "God shall wipe all tears a-way." Blessed mansion, bright and  
near... List we now the sweet, low singing, 'Tis the new, new song we hear.

# Blessed Mansion.—CONCLUDED.

45

shin - ing, Home of love where angels stay; There for-ev-er and for - ev - er, Gleams the light of endless day.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melody with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

3 In that mansion bright and shining,  
Built with sapphire and with gold,  
We shall, sweetest anthems singing,  
Praise the wonders manifold.

Loudest alleluias swelling,  
For the Lord His pledge redeems;  
And within this nightless mansion,  
Spreads the glory of His beams.

## Gloria Patri.

Music by ASA HULL.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be -

- ginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men! A - men! A - men!

The musical score for 'Gloria Patri' is written for two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. It includes a tempo change from 'Ritard.' to 'a tempo.' The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with some words aligned with specific musical notes or rests.

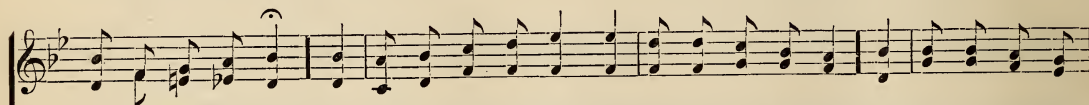
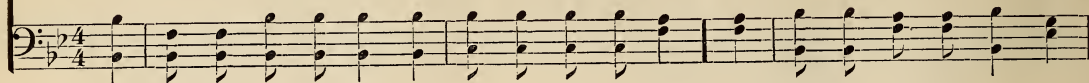
## Send out the Life-Lines.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

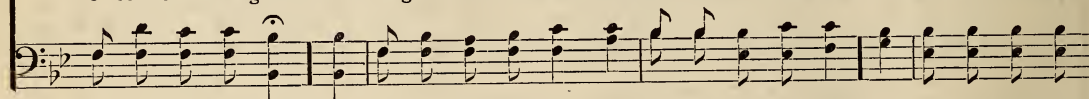
Music by ASA HULL.



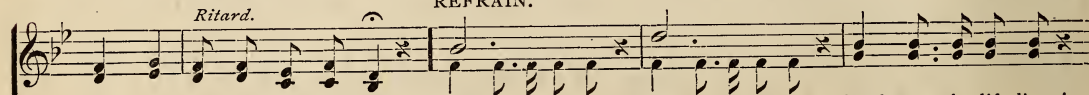
1. The waves are ris - ing high, And sul - len break-ers roar; A - bove the threat'ning sky Spreads  
 2. Why stand ye on the strand, And nerveless view the scene, For souls with heart and hand The



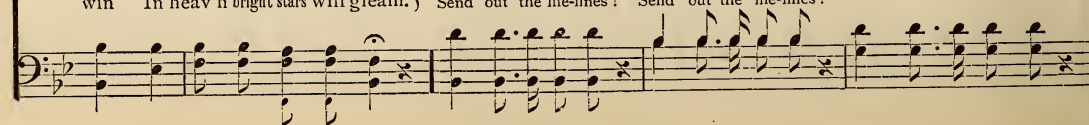
o - ver sea and shore. Far on the rag - ing main Full many a boat is tossed, Will they a har - bor  
 o - cean's furrows glean. Then bring the wreck'd ones in, Let them the past re-deem, And in the crown you'll

*Ritard.*

## REFRAIN.



gain, Or in the depths be lost? } Send, Send, Send out the life-lines!  
 win In heav'n bright stars will gleam. } Send out the life-lines! Send out the life-lines!





Sink-ing souls to save! Help! Help save the wreck'd ones, Save them from a yawn-ing grave!

Help save the wreck'd ones!

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass, in a key of B-flat major (two flats) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## More Love to Thee.

Words and Music J. R. BRYANT.

1. More love to Thee, O Lord, I owe, More love to Thee let me be-stow; Be this my prayer on bended knee,  
 2. More love to Thee, Lord, let me feel, More love to Thee let me re-veal; More love to Thee, this be my stay,  
 3. More love to Thee, then let me bring, More love to Thee, O let me sing; In heav'n above my song shall be,

The musical score is in 3/4 time and B-flat major. It features a simple melody in the treble staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

## REFRAIN.

More love, O Lord, more love to Thee! More love to Thee, more love to Thee, More love, O Lord, more love to Thee!  
 More love to Thee, in night or day!  
 More love, my Lord, more love to Thee!

The refrain is written in the same key and time signature as the previous piece. It consists of a single melodic line in the treble staff with a simple accompaniment in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## The Day is Breaking.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

*With Energy.*

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. 'Tis spreading, 'tis spreading, the glow in the sky, The day in its glo-ry, O brethren, is nigh;  
 2. Bright, gold-en the gleams as they gladden our eyes, O hap-py trans-form-ing to sing-ing, of sighs;  
 3. Long, long were the hours, and fear-ful the night, The word of Je-ho-vah said, "Let there be light."

The sun gilds the hill-tops, and o-ver the plain The shad-ows of dark-ness are now on the wane.  
 In pa-tience we've waited, now wait-ing is o'er, The night will en-vel-ope with darkness no more.  
 Ye watchmen, re-joice on your tow-ers, that wait, The day of re-demp-tion now en-ters your gate.

## CHORUS.

Then haste, hap-py day! Then haste, hap-py day! Now the sun gilds the hill-tops, and shad-ows fade a-way;

# The Day is Breaking.—CONCLUDED.

49

Then haste, hap - py day! Then haste, hap - py day! Let thy light flood the val - ley, and hast - en, glo - rious day!

## I am Coming, Lord.

Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee; For cleansing in Thy precious blood, That flow'd on Calvary.  
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse, Till spotless all, and pure.

### CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord! Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flow'd on Calvary.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on  
To perfect faith and love,  
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,  
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He the witness gives  
To loyal hearts and free,  
That every promise is fulfilled,  
If faith but brings the plea,

5 All hail! atoning blood!  
All hail! redeeming grace!  
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,  
Our Strength and Righteousness,

## Our Harvest Home.

Words by W. E. PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Sing a glo-rious song of the har-vest home, For the reap-ers la-den'd with sheaves have come ;  
 2. Sing a glad-some song of the har-vest home, For the wea-ry toil, 'neath the burn-ing sun,

The reap-ing and glean-ing and bind-ing all done, The har-vest is o'er, and we sing our har-vest home!  
 In field and in vine-yard is faith-ful-ly done, And toil-ers re-turn-ing are shout-ing har-vest home!

## REFRAIN.

Har-vest home! har-vest home! har-vest home, We sing our har-vest home!  
 We sing our We sing our

3 Sing a grateful song of the harvest home,  
 For the Lord of harvests will surely come ;  
 Then reapers and gleaners, and each faithful one,  
 Will join the refrain, gladly singing harvest home!

4 And a thrilling song of the harvest home  
 O'er the world shall ring when all work is done ;  
 Then angels and reapers shall join in the song,  
 And heav'n shall resound with the glorious harvest home!

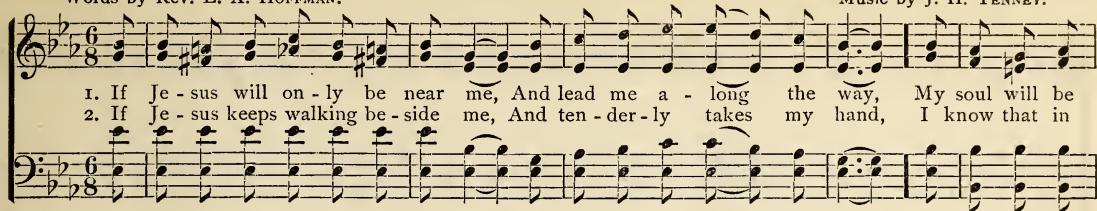


# If Jesus is With Me.

51

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

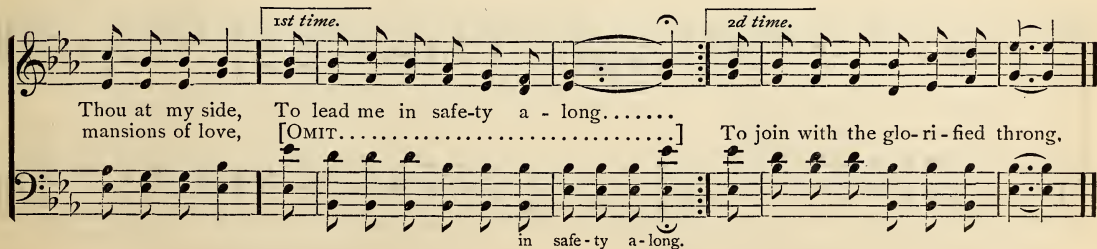


1. If Je - sus will on - ly be near me, And lead me a - long the way, My soul will be  
 2. If Je - sus keeps walking be - side me, And ten - der - ly takes my hand, I know that in

## CHORUS.



safe from all dan - ger, By night as it is in the day. } { O Je - sus, my Guide! Be  
 peace He will guide me, At last in - to heav - en's fair land. } { And bring me a - bove, To the



1st time. 2d time.  
 Thou at my side, To lead me in safe - ty a - long.....  
 mansions of love, [OMIT.....] To join with the glo - ri - fied throng.  
 in safe - ty a - long.

3 I know I am weak and so sinful,  
 And easily, quickly beguiled,  
 But Jesus will never forsake me,  
 As long as I am His own child.

4 And so I am safe in the daytime,  
 And so I am safe in the night,  
 And so the dear Saviour will bring me  
 To Heaven's fair mansions of light.

## The Water of Life.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

*Not too slow.*

1. Give us to drink, Father, give us to drink, Out in the de-sert we drooping-ly sink; Blis-ter-ing  
 2. Send Thou an an-gel to o-pen our eyes, Show where the springs of sal-va-tion a-rise; Hold Thou the

CHORUS.  
 sands scorch our travel-worn feet, Give us a draught from Thy fountain so sweet. } Drink of the wa-ter  
 cup, and our lips let it meet, Give us a draught from Thy fountain so sweet. } Drink, thirsty soul, of the wa-ter so

clear, Ne'er you'll com-plain; If to the fountain of life you draw near, Never you'll thirst a-gain....  
 clear, Drink, and you'll never complain; a-gain, a-gain.

3 Waters of earth, though we eagerly drain  
 Many a cup, yet we soon thirst again;  
 Naught will refresh in the terrible heat,  
 Naught but a draught from Thy fountain so sweet.

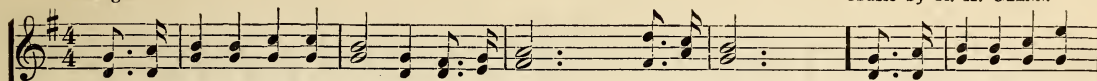
4 Water of life will alone satisfy,  
 Thou art the Spring, and for Thee do we sigh;  
 Humbly imploring we wait at Thy feet,  
 Give us a draught from Thy fountain so sweet.

# Toil Away.

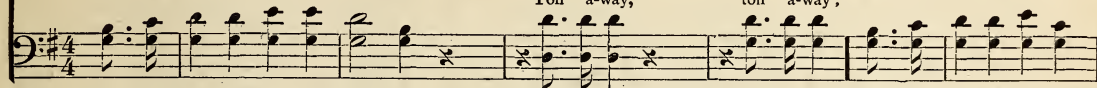
53

Arranged.

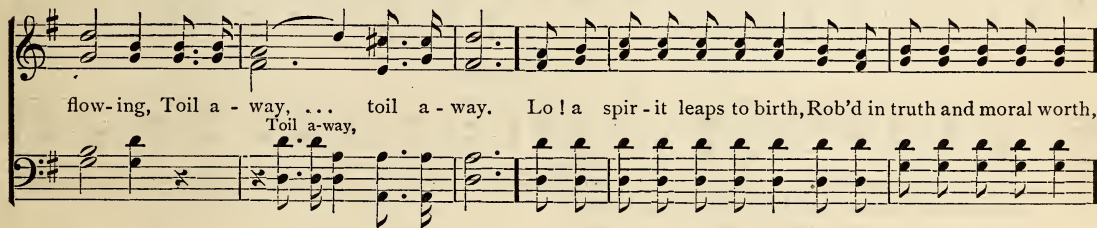
Music by R. A. GLENN.



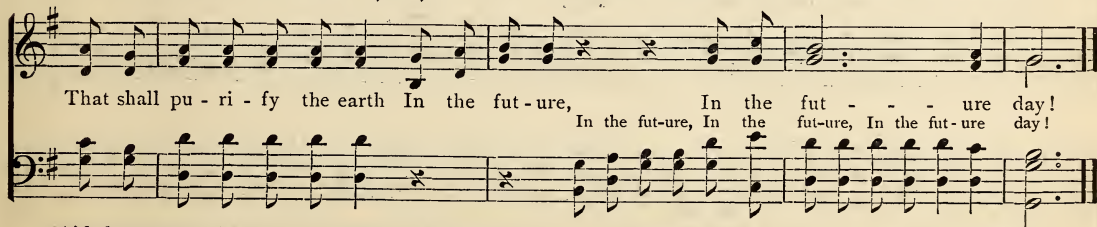
1. There's a dawn to day-light grow-ing, Toil a - way, toil a - way; There's a tide of rea-son  
Toil a-way, toil a-way;



flow-ing, Toil a - way, ... toil a - way. Lo! a spir-it leaps to birth, Rob'd in truth and moral worth,  
Toil a-way,



That shall pu - ri - fy the earth In the fut - ure, In the fut - - - ure day!  
In the fut-ure, In the fut-ure, In the fut-ure day!



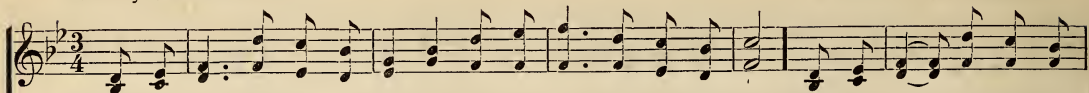
2 Aid the cause and cease not working, Toil away, etc.  
Aid it in your works and teaching, Toil away, etc.  
Aid it, all ye Christian men,  
Pulpit, platform, press, and pen,  
Eden's flow'rs shall bloom again  
In the future day!

3 Sound abroad the saving chorus, Toil away, etc.  
There's a noble work before us, Toil away, etc.  
Courage! labor and be true,  
Better days are just in view,  
Choicest blessings wait for you,  
In the future day!

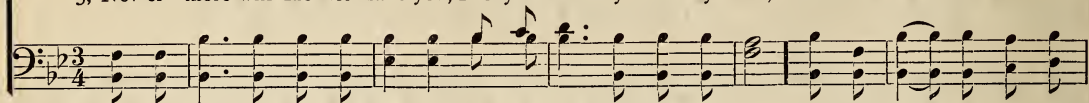
## Keep His Commandments.

Words by CHARLES H. GABRIEL.

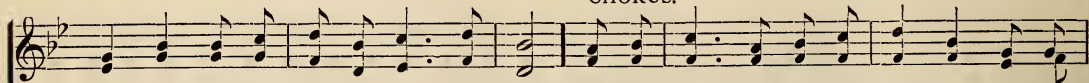
Music by GOMER THOMAS.



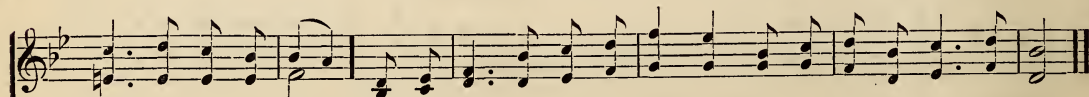
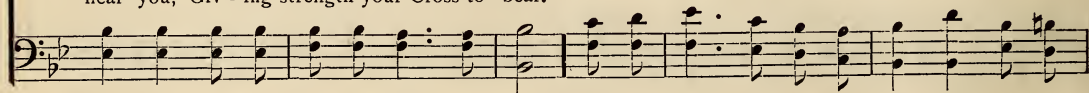
1. If ye love the bless-ed Sav-iour, And His fa - vor you would gain, You must keep His blest com-  
 2. Hear the words that Je - sus ut-tered To His lov'd dis - ci - ples here: If ye love me, keep my com-  
 3. Nev-er - more will He for-sake you, Tho' you're sore-ly tried by care; He will be for ev - er



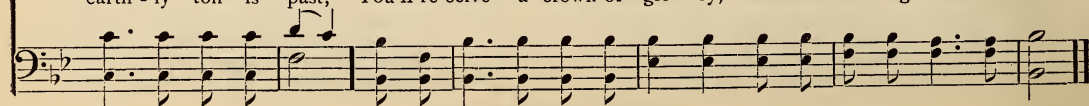
## CHORUS.



mand-ments, And from ev - 'ry sin ab - stain. There's a rich re - ward in heav - en, And, when  
 mand-ments, Blessed words of truth and cheer.  
 near you, Giv - ing strength your Cross to bear.



earth - ly toil is past, You'll re-ceive a crown of glo - ry, That un - fad - ing there shall last.



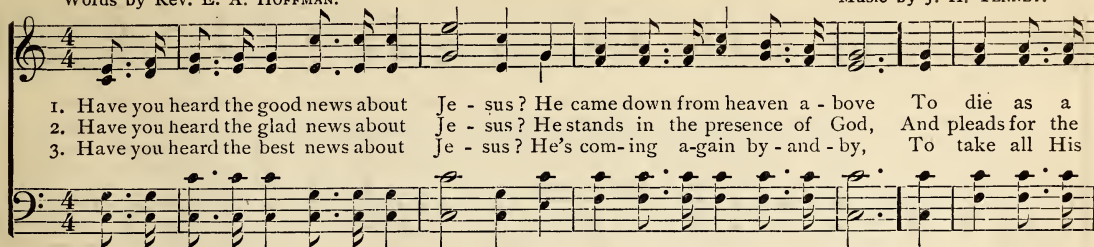


# Have You Heard the Good News?

55

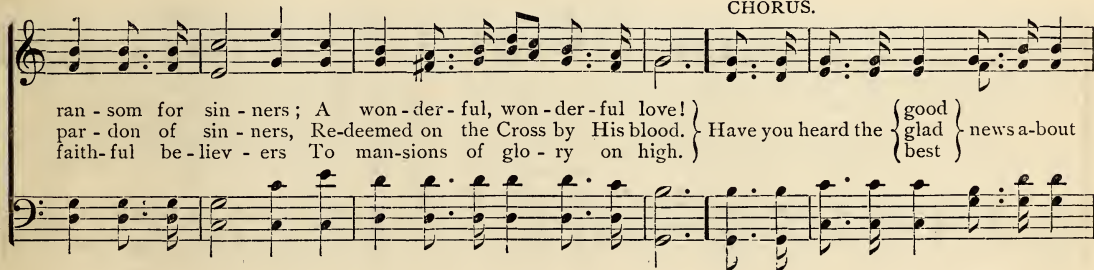
Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

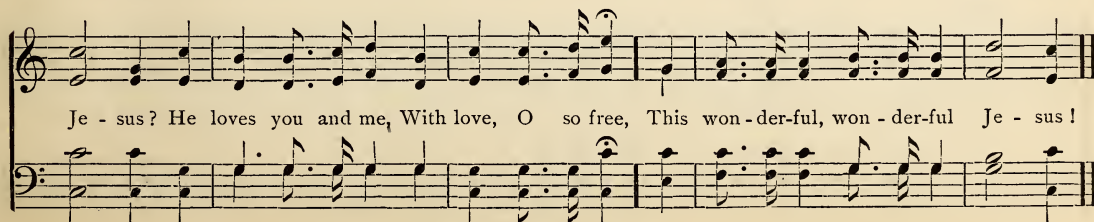


1. Have you heard the good news about Je - sus? He came down from heaven a - bove To die as a  
 2. Have you heard the glad news about Je - sus? He stands in the presence of God, And pleads for the  
 3. Have you heard the best news about Je - sus? He's com-ing a-gain by - and - by, To take all His

## CHORUS.



ran - som for sin - ners; A won - der - ful, won - der - ful love! }  
 par - don of sin - ners, Re - deemed on the Cross by His blood. } Have you heard the { good }  
 faith - ful be - liev - ers To man - sions of glo - ry on high. } { glad } news a - bout  
 { best }

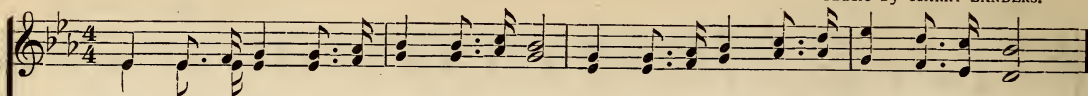


Je - sus? He loves you and me, With love, O so free, This won - der - ful, won - der - ful Je - sus!

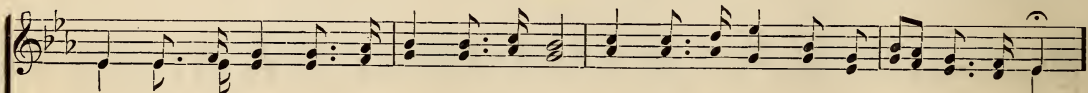
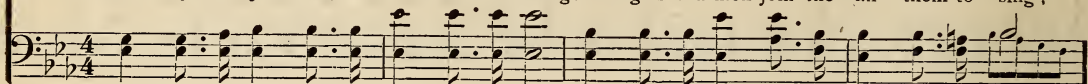
## The Battle-field of Life.

Words by Rev. R. W. TODD.

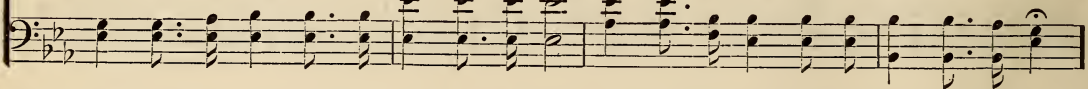
Music by HARRY SANDERS.



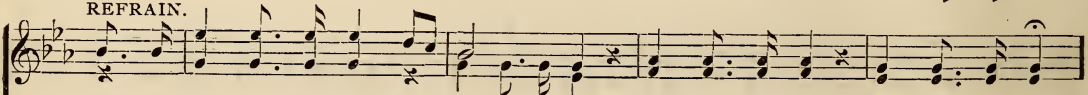
1. List - ed for God in the con - flict of life, Strug - gling for truth in the midst of the strife;
2. For - ward! the voice of our Cap - tain commands, March! charge the foe where de - fi - ant he stands;
3. Flash - ing the sword from its scab - bard now leaps, Stead - i - ly - grand - ly, the host on - ward sweeps;
4. Glo - ry to Je - sus, vic - to - ri - ous King! An - gels and men join the an - them to sing;



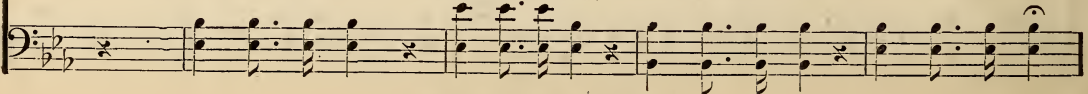
Mar - shalled with an - gels our ranks march a - way; Liv - ing or dy - ing, we gain the glad day!  
 Glad at His word who is "Might - y to save," Scale we the ram - parts, and shout with the brave.  
 Je - sus and vic - t'ry! we shout the glad cry; Dy - ing in bat - tle, we'll tri - umph on high!  
 Fight - ing for Him we have joy in the strife; Dy - ing for Je - sus - we live in His life.



## REFRAIN.



Then we'll die on the field of bat - tle! Die on the field, die on the field!  
 die on the field!



# The Battle-field of Life.—CONCLUDED.

57

Then we'll die on the field of bat - - tle! With glo - ry bright in view!  
die on the field!

## God is Love.

Words by JOHN BROWNING.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. God is love; His mer-cy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss He wakes, and woe He  
2. Chance and change are bus-y ev-er; Man de-cays and a - ges move; But His mer-cy wan-eth

*Slow.*  
light - ens; God is wis - dom, God is love!  
nev - er; God is wis - dom, God is love!

- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,  
Will His changeless goodness prove;  
From the gloom His brightness streameth;  
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwined  
Hope and comfort from above:  
Everywhere His glory shineth;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

## What Can we Do?

Words by CHARLES H. GABRIEL.

Music by GOMER THOMAS.

1. Man - y gifts our Lord hath giv - en To His chil - dren here be - low ; We can ne'er re - pay His  
 2. Ev - 'ry day with rich - est bless - ings, He to us Him - self makes known ; In our youth and in our  
 3. Let us then live ev - er near Him, For no oth - er friend we know Can be half so true and

goodness, Such the debt to Him we owe. We can raise our songs of gladness, We can sing His praises still, —  
 manhood, He is car - ing for His own. Ev - 'ry day He guards and keeps us, Guides us in the bet - ter way ; —  
 ten - der, None in heav'n or earth be - low. Let us in His love con - fid - ing, Journey till this life is o'er,

REFRAIN.

We can hon - or and o - bey Him, We can do His ho - ly will. Do His will, . . . do His will, . . .  
 Ev - 'ry night He still is watching, Ev - 'ry night and ev - 'ry day,  
 Then He'll take us to those mansions, O - ver on the heav'nly shore. Do His will, do His will,



# What Can we Do?—CONCLUDED.

59

We can do His ho-ly will ; Do His will, do His will, We can do His ho-ly will.  
 Do His will,.... Do His will...

## Italian Hymn.

Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

Music by GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou Al-might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing: Help us to praise! Fa-ther all  
 2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our pray'r at - tend; Come and Thy  
 3. Come, Ho-ly Com- fort - er, Thy sa- cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour; Thou who al-

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days.  
 peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.  
 might-y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power.

## Our Mission To-day.

Words by W. BENNETT.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. A great and no - ble ar - my, In heart and pur - pose strong, With youth and age u -  
 2. All o'er this land of free - dom, Tri - umph - ant waves our flag, Brave he - roes bear it  
 3. We'll take the name of Je - sus As guide wher-e'er we go, And with our watch-word, —

nit - ed, A grand har-mo-nious throng! Be-neath the Saviour's ban-ner We march in firm ar - ray,  
 on - ward, Nor doth a comrade lag; But shoulder touching shoulder, Each ea - ger for the fray,  
 "Onward," We'll o - ver-come the foe. And when at fi - nal roll - call The ar - my all shall stand,

CHORUS.  
 To take the world for Je - sus Our mis - sion is to - day! We march in firm ar -  
 We're bound the world to con - quer, For Je - sus leads the way.  
 May we a - mong the vic - tors Be crowned at God's right hand.

# Our Mission To-day.—CONCLUDED.

61

ray,... We march in firm ar - ray! To take the world for Je - sus, Our mis-sion is to - day!

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Words by SARAH F. ADAMS.

## Bethany.

Music arranged from L. MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me;  
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, Day-light all gone, Dark-ness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;

The musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features two staves, treble and bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.  
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

The musical score continues with two staves, treble and bass clef, in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| 3 There let the way appear<br>Steps up to heav'n :<br>All that Thou sendest me<br>In mercy giv'n :<br>Angels to beckon me Nearer, etc. | 4 Then, with my waking thoughts,<br>Bright with Thy praise,<br>Out of my stony griefs,<br>Bethel I'll raise :<br>So by my woes to be Nearer, etc. | 5 Or, if on joyful wing,<br>Cleaving the sky,<br>Sun, moon and stars forgot,<br>Upward I fly,—<br>Still all my song shall be, Nearer, etc. |
|--|---|--|

## I Come to Thee, my Saviour.

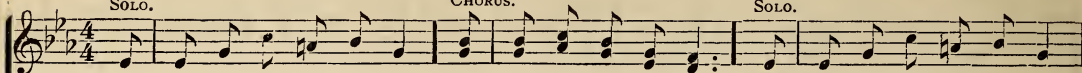
Words by Mrs. E. C. WEBSTER.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

SOLO.

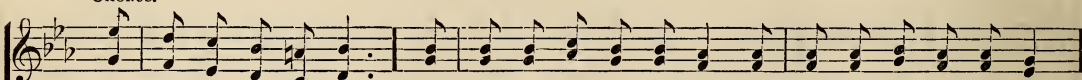
CHORUS.

SOLO.



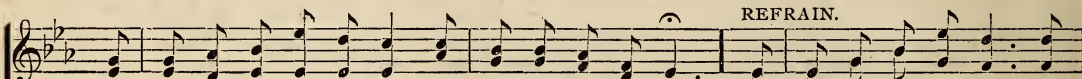
1. I come to Thee, my Sav-iour, Thy prais-es I will sing; I seek Thy face and fa-vor,  
 2. I come to Thee to guide me, Thy prais-es I will sing; What-ev-er may be-tide me,  
 3. I come to Thee to lead me, Thy prais-es I will sing; With sweetest man-na feed me,

CHORUS.



Thy prais-es I will sing; I come to Thee be-liev-ing, My joy and peace re-ceiving,  
 Thy prais-es I will sing; No more my eyes are weep-ing, My soul is in Thy keeping,  
 Thy prais-es I will sing; I come with best en-deav-or, O Je-sus, leave me nev-er,

REFRAIN.



My fears Thou art re-liev-ing, Thy prais-es I will sing. Thy prais-es I will sing, Thy  
 Re-ward I'll soon be reap-ing, Thy prais-es I will sing.  
 Then thro' the bright for-ev-er Thy prais-es I will sing.



# I Come to Thee, my Saviour.—CONCLUDED.

63

prais - es I will sing, And with the an - gel choir, Thy prais - es I will sing.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on a single staff with a bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the voice staff.

## The Eventide.

Words by REV. HENRY F. LYTE.

Music by W. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!  
2. Not a brief glance I beg— a part-ing word; But as Thou dwell'st with Thy dis - ci - ples, Lord,  
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on a single staff with a bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the voice staff.

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O, a - bide with me!  
Fa - mil - iar, con - de - scending, pa-tient, free, Come not to so - journ, but a - bide with me!  
Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O, a - bide with me!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on a single staff with a bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the voice staff.

## Our Sabbath School.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. When the Sab-bath morn-ing comes with ho-ly calm, Forth we haste and join our Sab - bath school ;  
 2. And the ho - ly Bi - ble's pre - cious golden mine, O - pens wide its treas-ures to our gaze ;  
 3. Thro' the faith - ful teach-ing may we all at - tain Zeal and strength to live for truth and right ;

Praise and prayer and song then spread their sa-cred charm, Ten - der-ness and love there on - ly rule.  
 Gems of rich in - struc-tion flash - ing line on line, Fill our souls with won - der and a - maze.  
 And in heav'n-ly tem-ples may we meet a - gain, Where the Lamb of God is Sun and Light.

## CHORUS.

Sing - ing, sing - ing prais - es to the Lord, Join - ing voi - ces in a sweet ac - cord ;

May we sing u-nit-ed, when we reach the sky, Praise e-ter-nal to our God on high.

Words by T. B. STEPHENSON. **Jesus Saves Thee and Me.** Music by GEORGE S. WEEKS.

1st time. 2d time.

I. { This is the glorious Gos-pel word; Our God the heav'n's doth bow;  
And says to each be-liev-ing heart, [OMIT.....] "Je-sus saves thee now!"

CHORUS.

Je-sus saves thee now, Je-sus saves thee now; Je-sus saves thee, yes, He saves thee, Jesus saves thee now!

- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| 2 God speaks, who cannot lie, why then<br>One doubt should I allow?<br>I doubt Him not, but take His word<br>'Jesus saves me now!<br>Jesus saves <i>me</i> , etc. | 3 I trust not self, 'twould throw me back<br>Into despond's deep slough;<br>From self I look to Christ and find<br>Jesus saves me now!<br>Jesus saves <i>me</i> , etc. | 4 What'e'r my future may require,<br>His grace will then allow;<br>I live a moment at a time!<br>Jesus saves me now!<br>Jesus saves <i>me</i> , etc. |
|---|--|--|

## The Royal Diadem.

Words by PERRONET.

Music by JAMES ELLOR.

*Spirited.*

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels prostrate fall;  
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - som'd from the fall, Ye ran - som'd from the fall,  
 3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall, The wormwood and the gall,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown..... Him, crown Him,  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown.....  
 crown.....

crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!  
 Him,

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To Him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at His feet may fall!  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown Him Lord of all!

Him,

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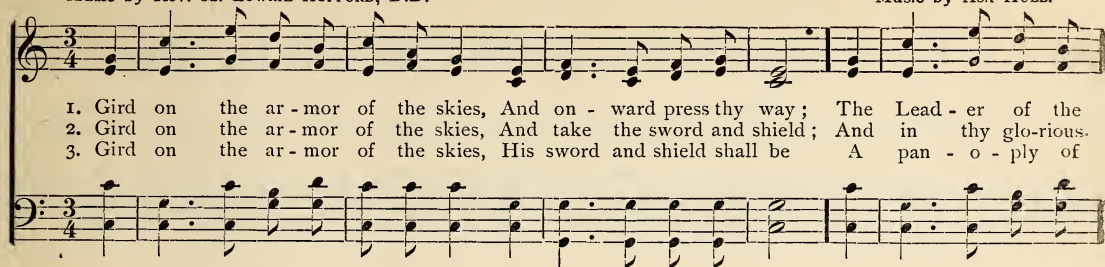


# The Faithful Guide.

67

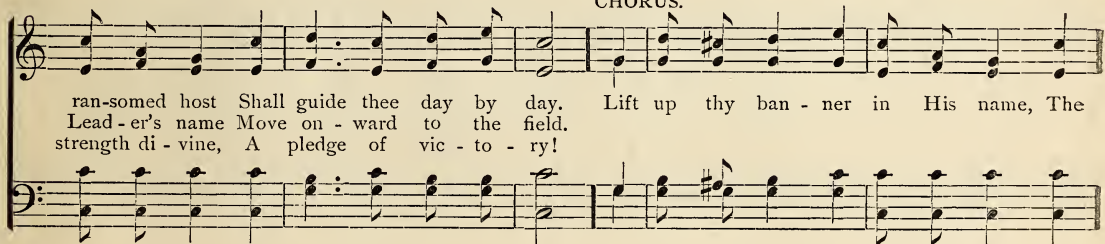
Music by Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD, D.D.

Music by ASA HULL.

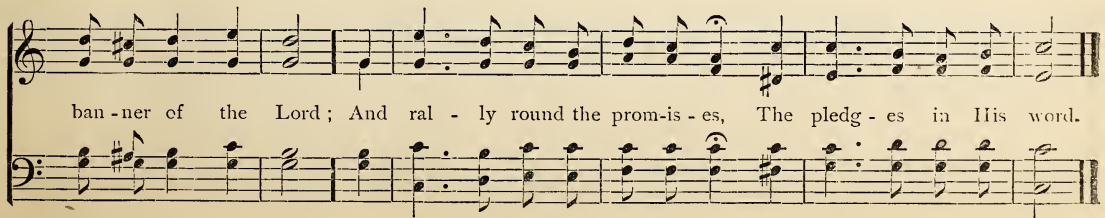


1. Gird on the ar - mor of the skies, And on - ward press thy way ; The Lead - er of the  
2. Gird on the ar - mor of the skies, And take the sword and shield ; And in thy glo - rious.  
3. Gird on the ar - mor of the skies, His sword and shield shall be A pan - o - ply of

## CHORUS.



ran-somed host Shall guide thee day by day. Lift up thy ban - ner in His name, The  
Lead - er's name Move on - ward to the field.  
strength di - vine, A pledge of vic - to - ry!

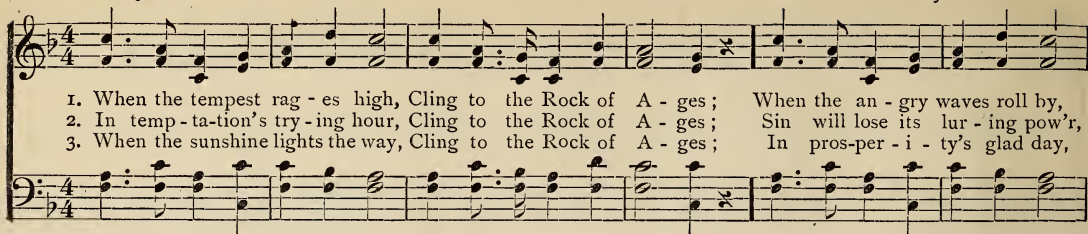


ban - ner of the Lord ; And ral - ly round the prom - is - es, The pledg - es in His word.

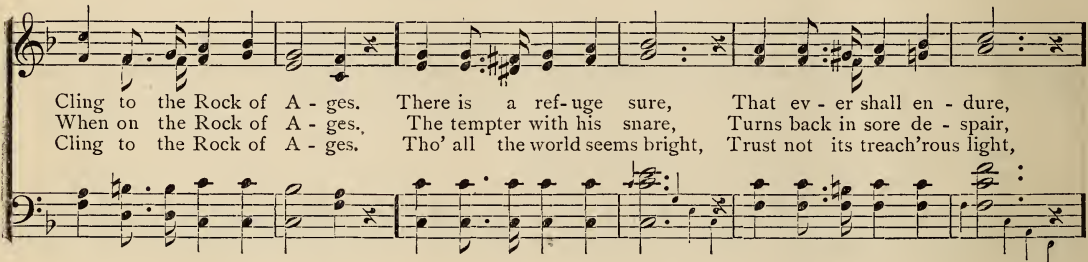
## The Rock of Ages.

Words by LANTA WILSON SMITH.

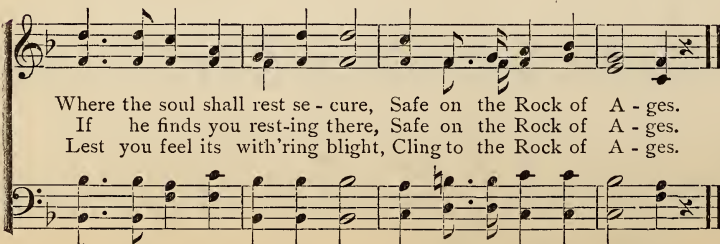
Music by ASA HULL.



1. When the tempest rag - es high, Cling to the Rock of A - ges; When the an - gry waves roll by,  
 2. In temp - ta - tion's try - ing hour, Cling to the Rock of A - ges; Sin will lose its lur - ing pow'r,  
 3. When the sunshine lights the way, Cling to the Rock of A - ges; In pros - per - i - ty's glad day,



Cling to the Rock of A - ges. There is a ref - uge sure, That ev - er shall en - dure,  
 When on the Rock of A - ges, The tempter with his snare, Turns back in sore de - spair,  
 Cling to the Rock of A - ges. Tho' all the world seems bright, Trust not its treach'rous light,



Where the soul shall rest se - cure, Safe on the Rock of A - ges.  
 If he finds you rest - ing there, Safe on the Rock of A - ges.  
 Lest you feel its with'ring blight, Cling to the Rock of A - ges.

4.

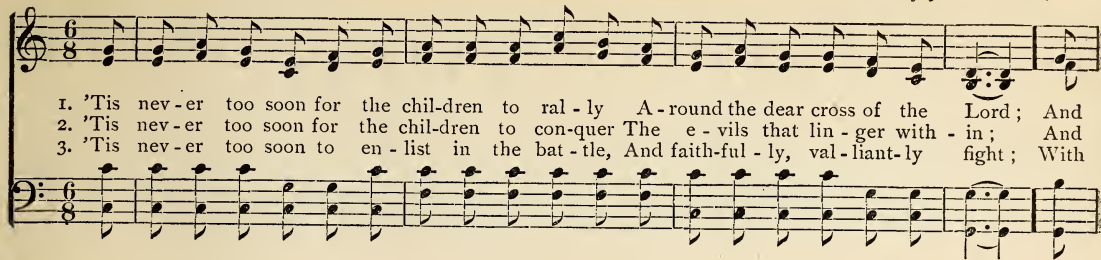
In life's sorrow and its pain  
 Cling to the Rock of Ages;  
 When your cherished hopes are slain,  
 Cling to the Rock of Ages.  
 When hearts beat faint and slow,  
 Our work all done below,  
 Find, when we from earth shall go,  
 Heav'n in the Rock of Ages.

# 'Tis Never Too Soon.

69

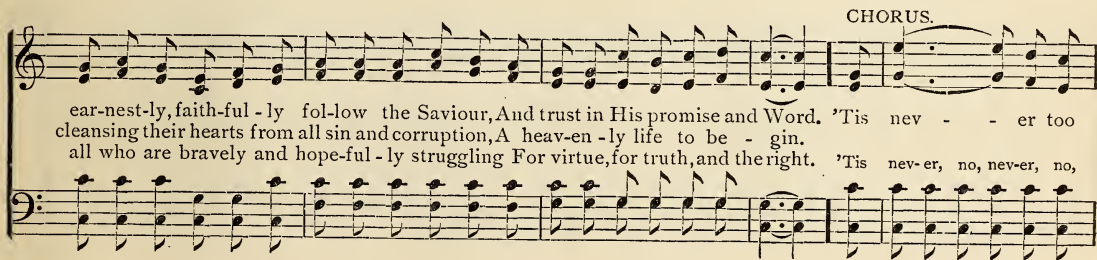
Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

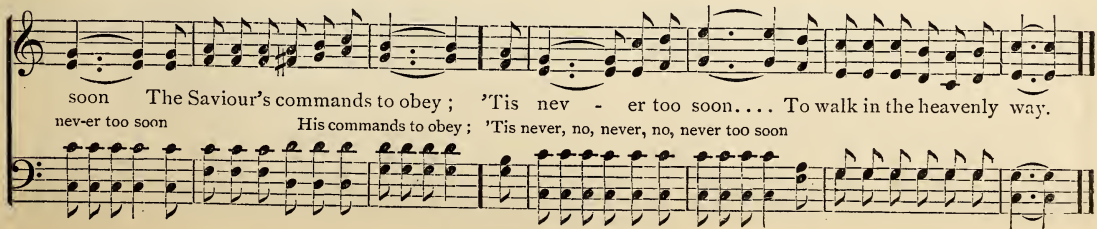


1. 'Tis nev-er too soon for the chil-dren to ral-ly A-round the dear cross of the Lord; And  
 2. 'Tis nev-er too soon for the chil-dren to con-quer The e-vils that lin-ger with-in; And  
 3. 'Tis nev-er too soon to en-list in the bat-tle, And faith-ful-ly, val-liant-ly fight; With

CHORUS.



ear-nest-ly, faith-ful-ly fol-low the Saviour, And trust in His promise and Word. 'Tis nev - - er too  
 cleansing their hearts from all sin and corruption, A heav-en-ly life to be - gin.  
 all who are bravely and hope-ful-ly struggling For virtue, for truth, and the right. 'Tis nev-er, no, nev-er, no,



soon The Saviour's commands to obey; 'Tis nev - er too soon.... To walk in the heavenly way.  
 nev-er too soon His commands to obey; 'Tis never, no, never, no, never too soon

## Press On and Never Fear.

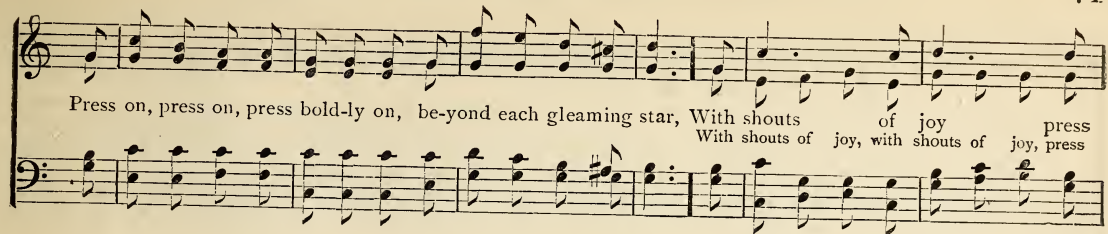
Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH

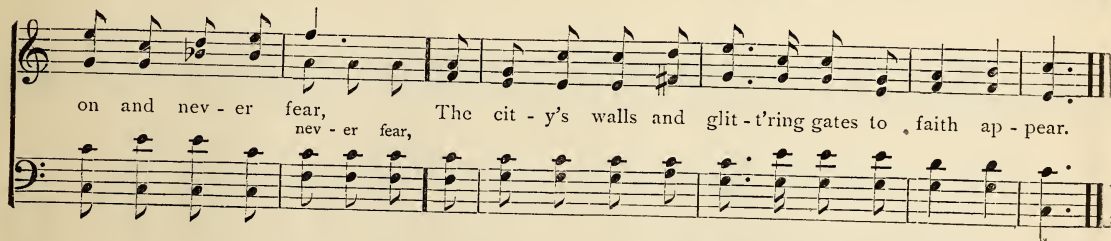


# Press On and Never Fear.—CONCLUDED.

71



Press on, press on, press bold-ly on, be-yond each gleaming star, With shouts of joy press  
With shouts of joy, with shouts of joy, press

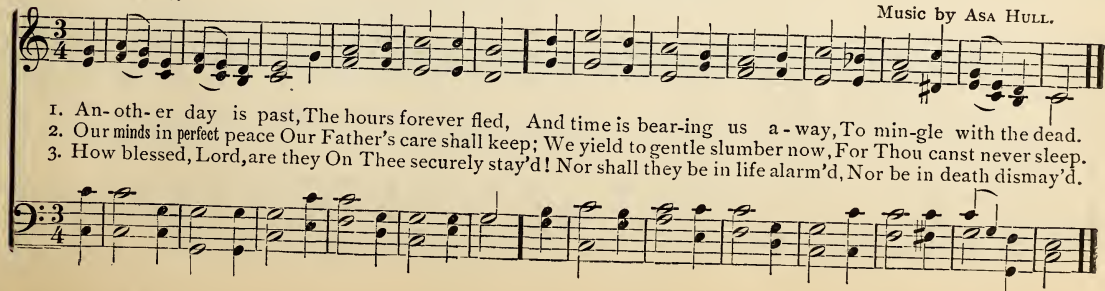


on and nev - er fear, The cit - y's walls and glit - t'ring gates to faith ap - pear.  
nev - er fear,

## Passing Moments.

*Moderato.*

Music by ASA HULL.



1. An-oth-er day is past, The hours forever fled, And time is bear-ing us a-way, To min-gle with the dead.  
2. Our minds in perfect peace Our Father's care shall keep; We yield to gentle slumber now, For Thou canst never sleep.  
3. How blessed, Lord, are they On Thee securely stay'd! Nor shall they be in life alarm'd, Nor be in death dismay'd.

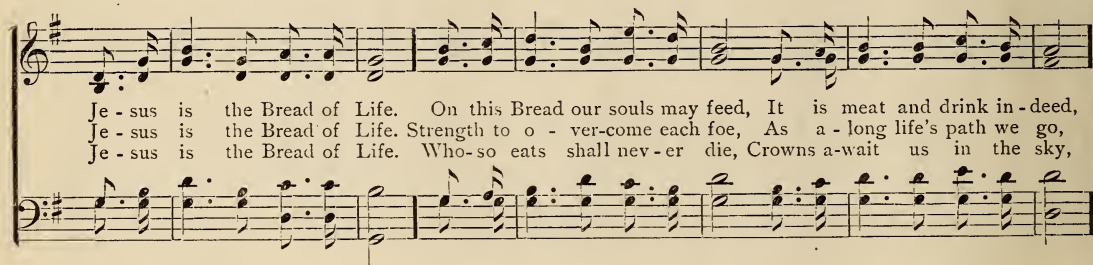
## Jesus is the Bread of Life.

Words by E. W. CHAPMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

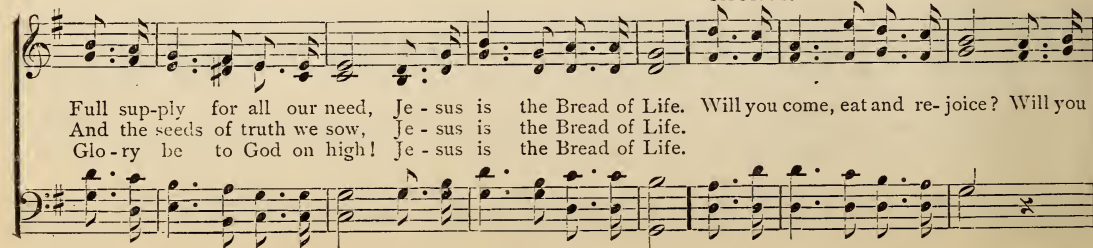


1. Crowds are seek-ing food to-day, Je-sus is the Bread of Life; None need hun-gry stay a-way,  
 2. Hast-en, now, and eat and live, Je-sus is the Bread of Life; Health and strength 'twill surely give,  
 4. It is free, and all may share, Je-sus is the Bread of Life; Let us now no ef-fort spare,

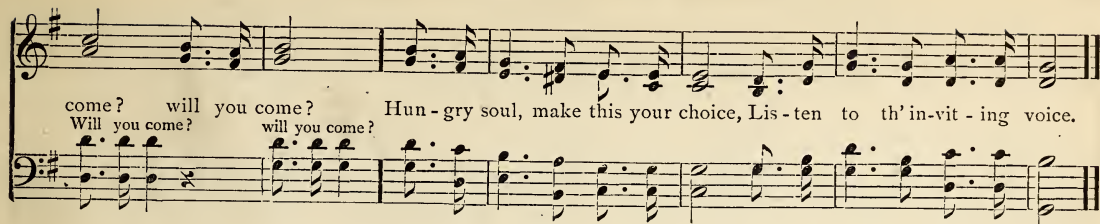


Je-sus is the Bread of Life. On this Bread our souls may feed, It is meat and drink in-deed,  
 Je-sus is the Bread of Life. Strength to o-ver-come each foe, As a-long life's path we go,  
 Je-sus is the Bread of Life. Who-so eats shall nev-er die, Crowns a-wait us in the sky,

## CHORUS.



Full sup-ply for all our need, Je-sus is the Bread of Life. Will you come, eat and re-joyce? Will you  
 And the seeds of truth we sow, Je-sus is the Bread of Life.  
 Glo-ry be to God on high! Je-sus is the Bread of Life.

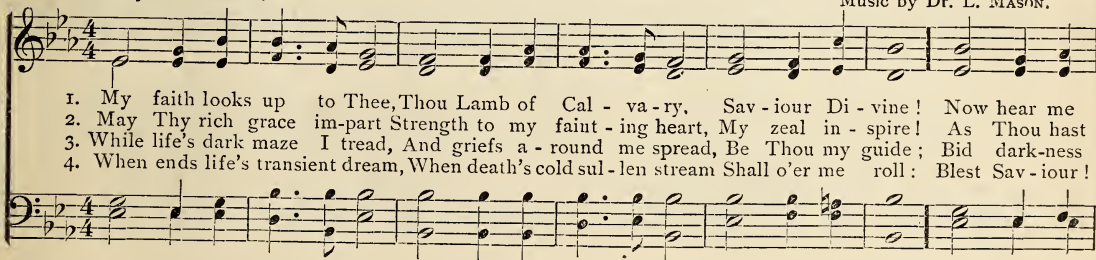


come? will you come? Hun - gry soul, make this your choice, Lis - ten to th' in - vit - ing voice.  
Will you come? will you come?

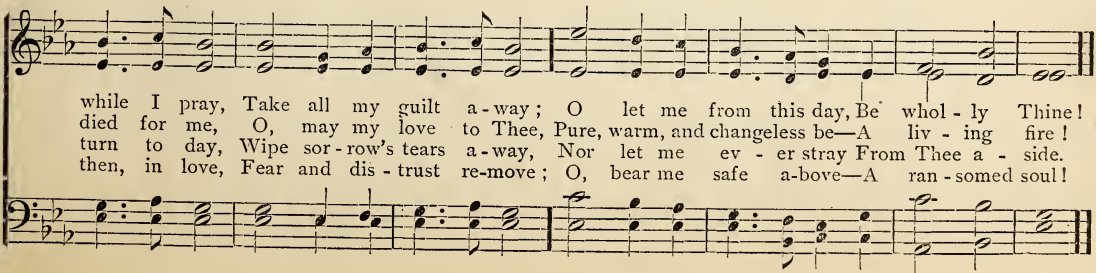
Olivet.

Words by RAY PALMER.

Music by Dr. L. MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour Di - vine! Now hear me  
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire! As Thou hast  
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness  
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream Shall o'er me roll: Blest Sav - iour!



while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way; O let me from this day, Be whol - ly Thine!  
died for me, O, may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be—A liv - ing fire!  
turn to day, Wipe sor - row's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.  
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O, bear me safe a - bove—A ran - somed soul!

## Sail not Without the Master.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. With cloud-less sky we start-ed, Up - on a smil - ing sea, With song from shore we part - ed, Up -  
 2. Now wild - ly dash the wa - ters, And frail our lit - tle bark ; And strength and courage fal - ters, Here  
 3. Is there no help for sav-ing? O Fa - ther, hear our cry ! Still Thou the wa - ters, ray - ing ; To

on life's wa-ters free. Our bark was gent-ly rock-ing, The gen - tle rip-ples play, And at all warn-ing  
 in the night so dark. The reefs un - seen are lurk-ing, Be-neath the seething waves, The pow'rs of darkness  
 Thee for aid we fly. Speak Thou the word ; o-bey-ing, The winds and waves abate, And in our ves - sel

mock - ing, We sailed from port a-way ; And at all warn-ing mocking, We sailed from port a - way.  
 work - ing, Would send us to our graves ; The pow'rs of dark-ness working, Would send us to our graves.  
 stay ing, Guide Thou our fu - ture state ; And in our ves - sel stay - ing, Guide Thou our fu - ture state.



CHORUS. *With energy.* *Rall. ad lib.* *a tempo.*

Sail not with-out the Mas-ter, For treach'rous is the main; In storm or calm you'll  
need Him, The port of heav'n to gain; In storm or calm you'll need Him, The port of heav'n to gain.

## Siloam.

Words by R. HEBER.

Music by I. B. WOODBURY.

1. By cool Siloam's shady rill, How fair the lily grows! How sweet the breath beneath the hill Of Sharon's dewy rose.

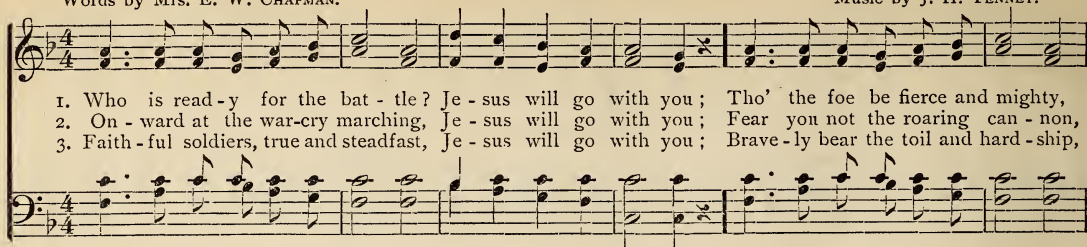
2 Lo! such the child whose early feet  
The path of peace have trod;  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly pass away.

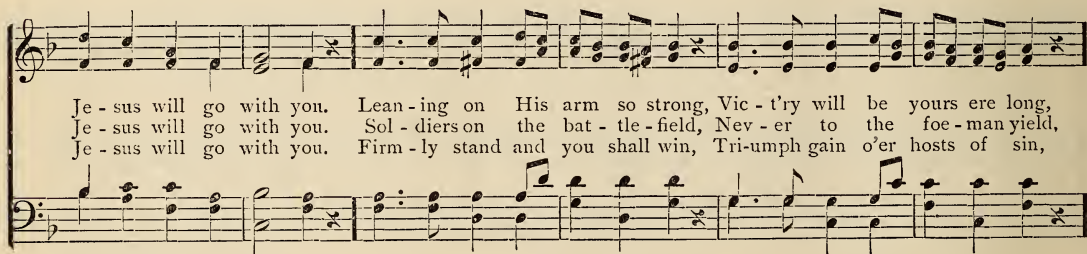
## Jesus will Go with You.

Words by Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

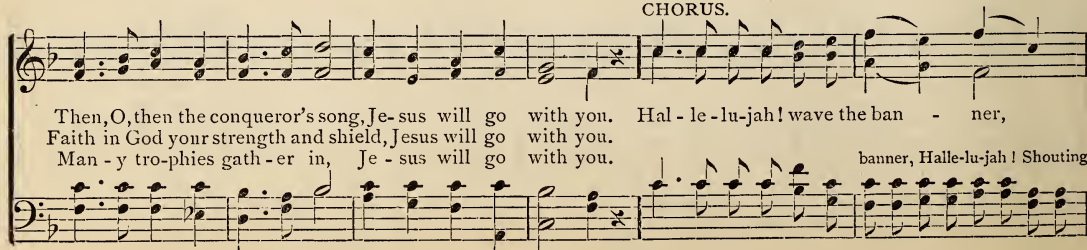


1. Who is read-y for the bat-tle? Je-sus will go with you; Tho' the foe be fierce and mighty,  
 2. On-ward at the war-cry marching, Je-sus will go with you; Fear you not the roaring can-non,  
 3. Faith-ful soldiers, true and steadfast, Je-sus will go with you; Brave-ly bear the toil and hard-ship,



Je-sus will go with you. Lean-ing on His arm so strong, Vic-t'ry will be yours ere long,  
 Je-sus will go with you. Sol-diers on the bat-tle-field, Nev-er to the foe-man yield,  
 Je-sus will go with you. Firm-ly stand and you shall win, Tri-umph gain o'er hosts of sin,

## CHORUS.



Then, O, then the conqueror's song, Je-sus will go with you. Hal-le-lu-jah! wave the ban-ner,  
 Faith in God your strength and shield, Jesus will go with you.  
 Man-y tro-phies gath-er in, Je-sus will go with you. banner, Halle-lu-jah! Shouting

# Jesus will Go with You.—CONCLUDED.

77

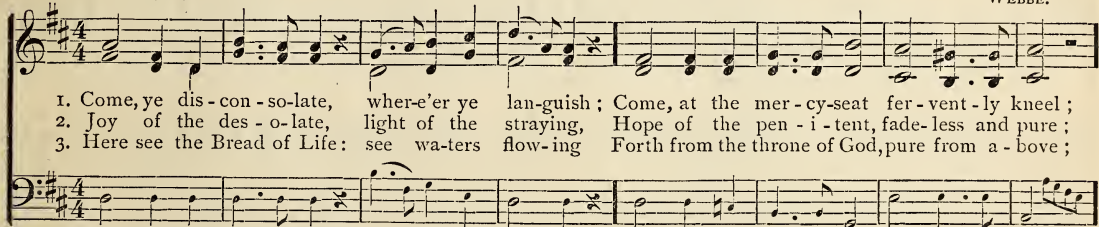


Shouting glo-ry as you go ; And with hearts and hands u-nit - ed, Charge a - gainst the sub-tle foe.  
glo-ry, glo-ry u - nit - ed, all u - ni - ted,

## Come, ye Disconsolate.

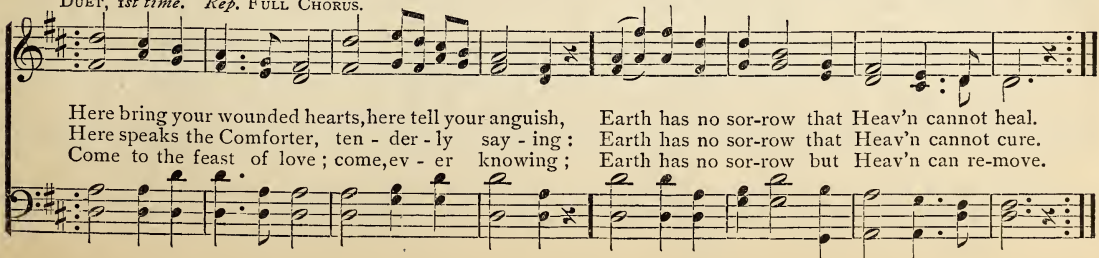
SOLO OR DUET.

WEBBE.



1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish ; Come, at the mer-cy-seat fer-vent-ly kneel ;  
2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the straying, Hope of the pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure ;  
3. Here see the Bread of Life : see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove ;

DUET, 1st time. Rep. FULL CHORUS.

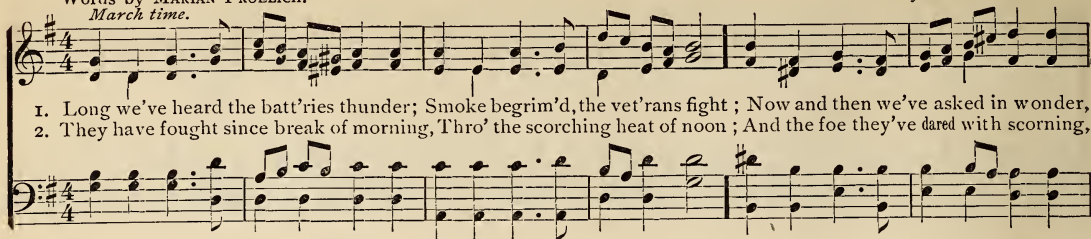


Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish, Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n cannot heal.  
Here speaks the Comforter, ten-der-ly say-ing : Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n cannot cure.  
Come to the feast of love ; come, ev-er knowing ; Earth has no sor-row but Heav'n can re-move.

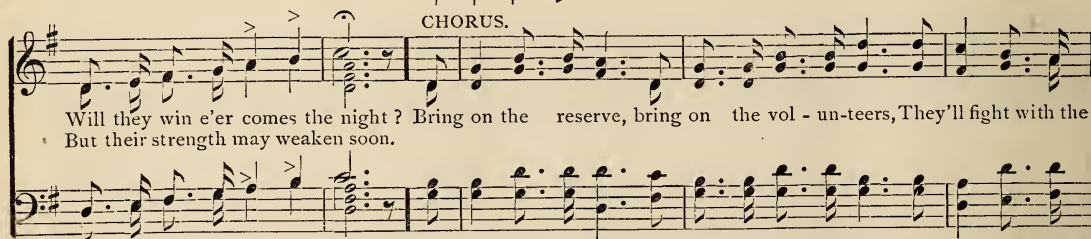
## Bring on the Volunteers.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.  
*March time.*

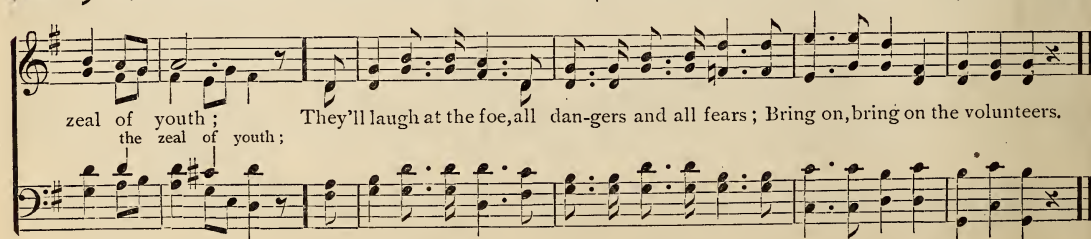
Music by G. FROELICH.



1. Long we've heard the batt'ries thunder; Smoke begrim'd, the vet'rans fight; Now and then we've asked in wonder,  
2. They have fought since break of morning, Thro' the scorching heat of noon; And the foe they've dared with scorning,



CHORUS.  
Will they win e'er comes the night? Bring on the reserve, bring on the vol - un-teers, They'll fight with the  
But their strength may weaken soon.



zeal of youth; They'll laugh at the foe, all dan-gers and all fears; Bring on, bring on the volunteers.  
the zeal of youth;

3 Through the strife and glare of battle,  
Bold they've shown undaunted strength;  
Heard the cannon's ceaseless rattle,  
All the day's long weary length.

4 Shot and shell around them flying,  
'Mid the battle's sullen roar;  
And alas! some comrades dying,  
Own for them the day is o'er.

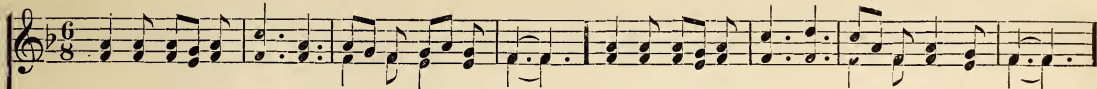


# Sing a Hymn to Jesus.

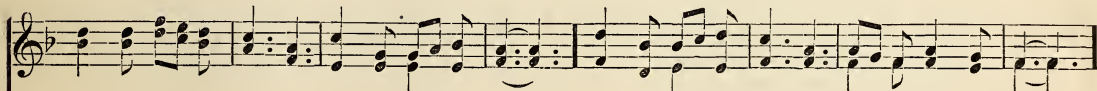
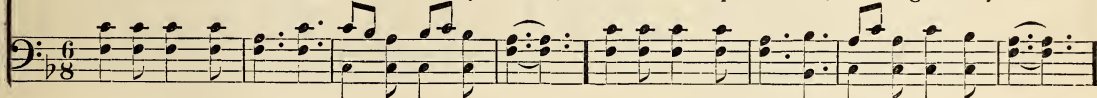
79

Words by Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD.

Music by GEORGE S. WEEKS.



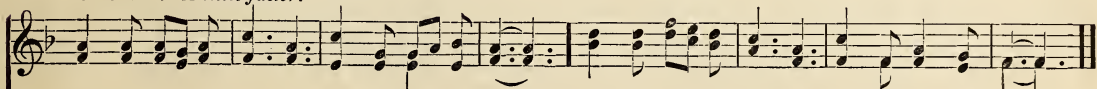
1. Sing a hymn to Je - sus, When the heart is faint, Tell it all to Je - sus, Comfort or com-plaint.
2. All His words are music, Tho' they make me weep, In - fi - nite - ly ten - der, In - fi - nite - ly deep!
3. Je - sus, let me love Thee, In - fi - nite - ly sweet; What are the poor o - dors, I bring to Thy feet?



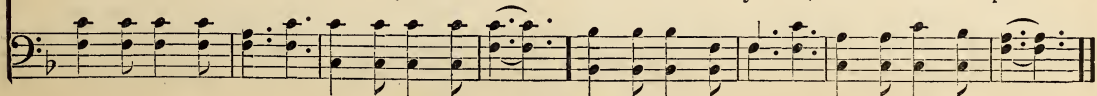
If the work is sor - row, If the way is long, If thou dread'st the morrow, Tell it Him in song.  
Time can nev - er ren - der All in Him I see, In - fi - nite - ly ten - der, Hu - man, De - i - ty!  
Yet I love Thee, love Thee, Come in - to my heart; And ere long re - move me, To be where Thou art.



CHORUS. *A little faster.*



Sing a hymn to Je - sus, When thy heart is faint, Tell it all to Je - sus, Comfort or com-plaint.



## Go, Preach my Gospel.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. There is a voice up - on the wind, A voice that comes from far, A voice from where the distant  
 2. The orb of night is go - ing down, The crescent hastes to set; For where the A - rab pro - phet  
 3. A - long Su - ma - tra's trop - ic shores And Ja - va's u - pas vale, The hea - then strains his eye to

groves And perfumed breezes are. 'Tis not the song of tri - umph, nor The scream of hea - then rage;  
 ruled, The men of God have met. The Per - sian Moo - lah seeks for light, The Tar - tar waits to know  
 catch The mis - sion - a - ry sail. The i - dol - gods that long have ruled, Are burned in Bor - ne - o;

REFRAIN.  
 But 'tis a cry for gos - pel light, The ech - o of the age. Go preach, go preach, Go,  
 If Christ's command has been repealed, "Go, preach my gospel, go."  
 And there the voice from heav'n proclaims, "Go, preach my gospel, go." go preach, go preach,

# Go, Preach my Gospel.—CONCLUDED.

81

*Cres.*

preach my gos - pel, go, Ring out, ring out the Lord's command, "Go, preach my gospel, go."

4 The Karen from his rocky hills,  
And natives of Japan,  
Unite their voices with the sound,  
That comes from Hindostan.  
They call on us in words direct,  
Or in their rites of woe,  
Obey, ye saints, your Lord's command,—  
"Go, preach my gospel, go."

5 From many a river's templed bank,  
Where pagans bend the knee,  
From continental villages,  
And islands of the sea,  
Each ship that floats upon the wave,  
And all the winds that blow,  
Ring out to us the Lord's command,—  
"Go, preach my gospel, go."

## Remember Me.

Music and Chorus by ASA HULL.

1. A-las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?  
CHO.—Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own, And ever faithful be; And when Thou sittest on Thy throne, Dear Lord, remember me.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done, 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide, 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree.

And shut his glory in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, the creature's, sin.

While His dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.

## The Glorious Battle Ground.

Words by Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. We've gather'd in - to line to-day, Fight-ing a-against the wrong; We're bold and earnest in the fray,  
 2. Our ar-mor shines with lustre bright, Fight-ing a-against the wrong; We'll bat - tle firm-ly for the right,  
 3. When wars and tu-mults all are o'er, Vic - to - ry we will sing; On Canaan's hap-py, peaceful shore

Fighting a-against the wrong; Be-hold us now, a might-y throng, In Je-sus' strength we will be strong,  
 Fighting a-against the wrong; The faith of Je - sus is our shield, The sword of truth we'll proudly wield,  
 Vic - to - ry we will sing; We'll there the Saviour's face be-hold, And marching thro' the streets of gold,

CHORUS.

And vic-t'ry will be ours ere long, Fighting a-against the wrong. O glo-rious bat-tle ground!  
 And to the foe we'll nev-er yield, Fighting a-against the wrong.  
 New beauties will to us un-fold—Glo - ry to God, our King!



# The Glorious Battle Ground.—CONCLUDED.

83

The clash-ing arms re - sound! As faith - ful we are found, Fight-ing a-against the wrong!

This block contains the musical notation for the first system of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

## Holy, Lord God Almighty!

Words by REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

Music by Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee ;  
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea ;

This block contains the musical notation for the second system of the hymn. It is in D minor (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, Blessed Trin-i - ty!  
Cher-u-bim and Sera-phim falling down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be. A-men.

This block contains the musical notation for the third system of the hymn. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the previous system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! tho' the darkness hide Thee,  
Tho' the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee  
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty! [and sea;  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky,  
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity! Amen.

## Ring out the Notes of Warning.

Words by Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.  
*Con espressione.*

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. Lost to a sense of du - ty, Wreck of a no - ble frame, Gone in his pris - tine beau - ty,  
2. Shorn of his for - mer great - ness, Robb'd of his gen - erous heart, Lost his Cre - a - tor's like - ness,  
3. Down in the gut - ter ly - ing, Less than a beast he knows; Low in the dark - ness dy - ing,

CHORUS.

Tarnished his wor - thy name. Ring out the notes of warn - ing, Ring, ere it be too late;  
Wounded in ev - 'ry part.  
Sad in his last re - pose.

*ad lib.*

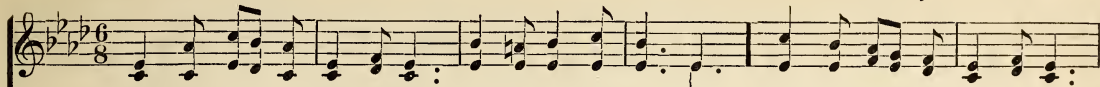
Those who have not yet fall - en Save from a drunkard's fate, Save from a drunkard's fate.

# Led, Safely Led.

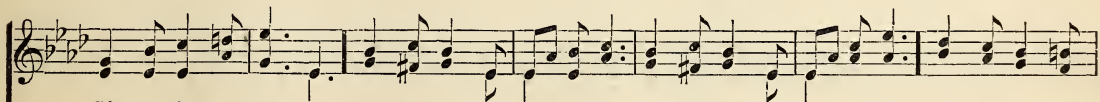
85

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

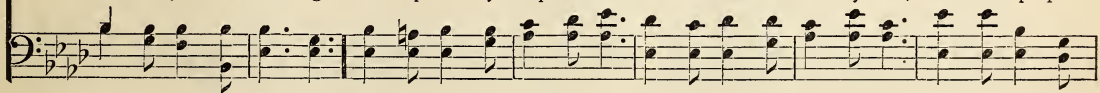
Music by G. FROELICH.



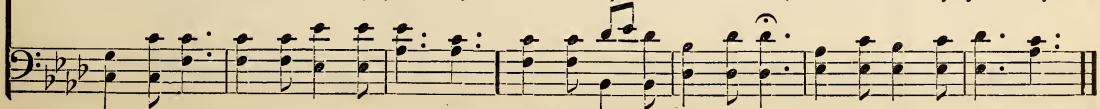
1. Day by day a guid-ing hand Clasp my cling-ing fin - gers, Draws me t'ward the shin-ing strand,  
2. Does the sun beat on my head? Am I weak or thirst-ing? Lo! where moss and grass-es bed,  
3. Sav - iour, while Thy hand I clasp, I am kept from fall-ing; Let me al - ways feel Thy grasp,



If my footstep lingers; Whisp'ring voic-es fill mine ear, Comfort me with lov-ing cheer; Always is the  
And the fountains bursting, Thither leads my gentle Guide, Laves me where the waters glide, Where no e-vil  
Heed Thy tender call-ing; Then up-on my Shepherd's breast I at last shall safe-ly rest, In the up-per

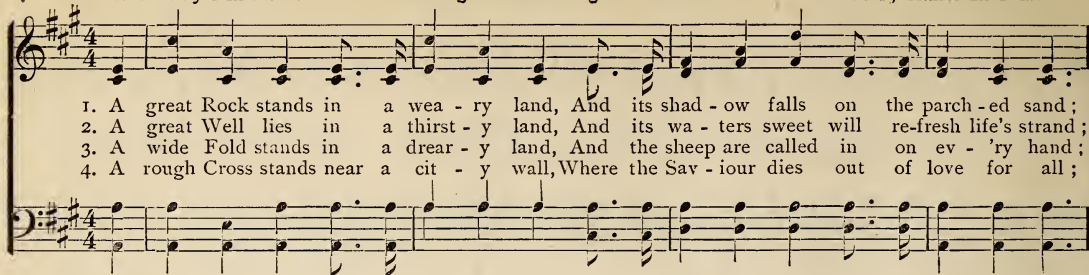


Presence near, All a-long the jour-ney; Al-ways is the Presence near, All a-long the jour-ney.  
can be-tide, Safe I on-ward jour-ney; Where no e-vil can be-tide, Safe I on-ward jour-ney.  
fold so blest, When I end my jour-ney; In the up-per fold so blest, When I end my jour-ney.

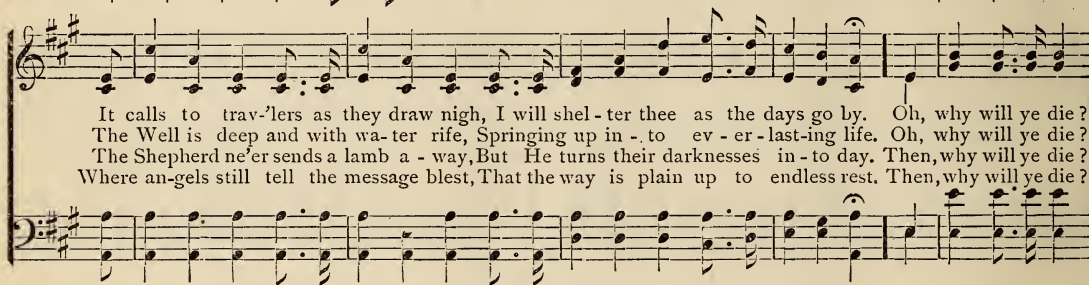


## Why will ye Die?

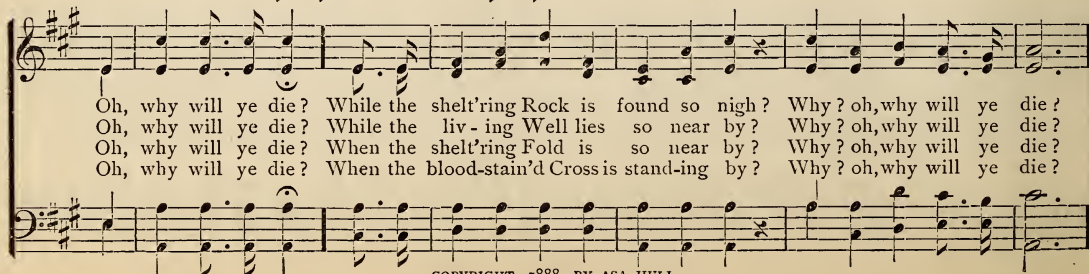
Music by HARRY SANDERS.



1. A great Rock stands in a wea - ry land, And its shad - ow falls on the parch - ed sand ;  
 2. A great Well lies in a thirst - y land, And its wa - ters sweet will re - fresh life's strand ;  
 3. A wide Fold stands in a drear - y land, And the sheep are called in on ev - 'ry hand ;  
 4. A rough Cross stands near a cit - y wall, Where the Sav - iour dies out of love for all ;



It calls to trav - lers as they draw nigh, I will shel - ter thee as the days go by. Oh, why will ye die ?  
 The Well is deep and with wa - ter rife, Springing up in - to ev - er - last - ing life. Oh, why will ye die ?  
 The Shepherd ne'er sends a lamb a - way, But He turns their darkneses in - to day. Then, why will ye die ?  
 Where an - gels still tell the message blest, That the way is plain up to endless rest. Then, why will ye die ?



Oh, why will ye die ? While the shelt'ring Rock is found so nigh ? Why ? oh, why will ye die ?  
 Oh, why will ye die ? While the liv - ing Well lies so near by ? Why ? oh, why will ye die ?  
 Oh, why will ye die ? When the shelt'ring Fold is so near by ? Why ? oh, why will ye die ?  
 Oh, why will ye die ? When the blood - stain'd Cross is stand - ing by ? Why ? oh, why will ye die ?



## REFRAIN.

Oh, why? oh, why? Oh, why will ye die? Oh, why? oh, why? Oh, why will ye die?

Oh, why? Oh, why? Oh, why? Oh, why?

## Around the Throne of God.

Arranged for this work.

### *Allegretto.*

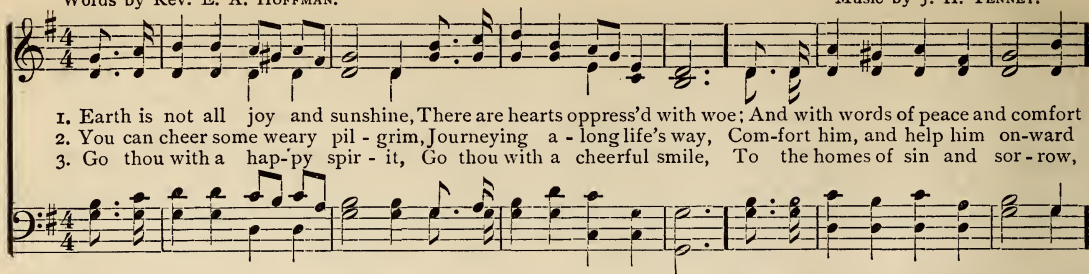
1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n Thousands of chil-dren stand; Chil-dren, whose sins are  
 2. In flow - ing robes of spot-less white, See ev - 'ry one ar - rayed: Dwell-ing in ev - er -  
 3. What brought them to that world a - bove? That heav'n so bright and fair, Where all is peace, and  
 4. On earth they sought the Sav-iour's grace, On earth they loved His name; So now they see His

all for-giv'n; A ho - ly, hap-py band, Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.  
 last - ing light, And joys that nev - er fade. Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.  
 joy, and love;—How came those children there? Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.  
 bless-ed face, And stand before the Lamb, Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.

## O the Good we may be Doing.

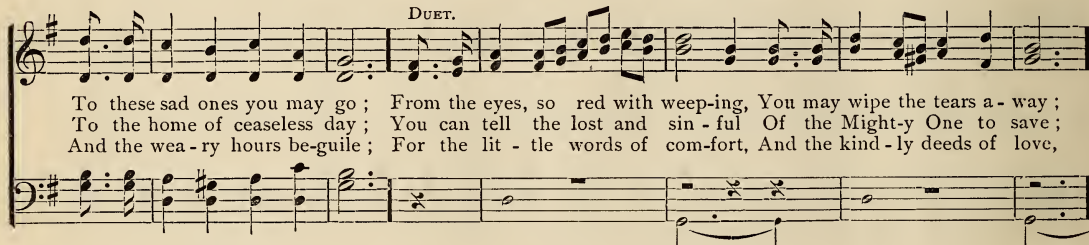
Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.



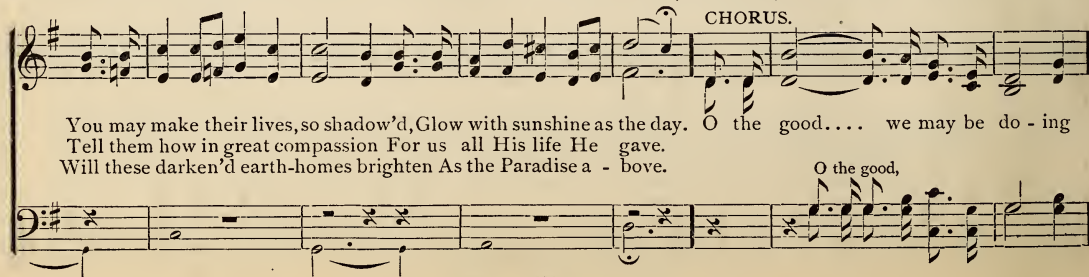
1. Earth is not all joy and sunshine, There are hearts oppress'd with woe; And with words of peace and comfort  
 2. You can cheer some weary pil - grim, Journeying a - long life's way, Com-fort him, and help him on-ward  
 3. Go thou with a hap-py spir - it, Go thou with a cheerful smile, To the homes of sin and sor-row,

DUET.



To these sad ones you may go ; From the eyes, so red with weep-ing, You may wipe the tears a - way ;  
 To the home of ceaseless day ; You can tell the lost and sin - ful Of the Might-y One to save ;  
 And the wea - ry hours be-guile ; For the lit - tle words of com-fort, And the kind - ly deeds of love,

CHORUS.



You may make their lives, so shadow'd, Glow with sunshine as the day. O the good.... we may be do - ing  
 Tell them how in great compassion For us all His life He gave.  
 Will these darken'd earth-homes brighten As the Paradise a - bove.

O the good,

*Rit.*

'Neath the cir - cle of the sun! Blessed min - is-try of mer-cy! Blessed deeds... for Jesus done.  
 cir-cle, the cir - cle Blessed min-is-try deeds, blessed deeds

# Work, for the Night is Coming.

Words by SIDNEY DYER.

Music by Dr. L. MASON.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours, Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with labor,—Rest comes sure and soon:
3. Work, for the night is coming, Un-der the sunset skies ; While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies;
4. Work, for the night is coming, Work, while the fields are white; Work, for thy sands are running, Work, while hopes are bright;

Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.  
 Give ev'-ry fly-ing min - ute Something to keep in store ; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.  
 Work, till the last beam fad - eth, Fad-eth to shine no more ; Work, while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.  
 Gather thy sheaves of morning; Rest not thy hand at noon; Labor and strive till ev'ning; Rest when daylight's gone.

## The Sunlight of Hope.

Words by W. E. PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. { Shad-ows may darken our path-way,      Hid-ing the light of    day ;      Sorrow's dark mantle may cov-er,  
      Je - sus can scat-ter the dark-ness,      On Him we may re - ly ;      Sure-ly His hand will in mer-cy  
 2. { Shrouded in mourning are hearth-stones, Of - ten on earth be-low ;      Heaven knows nothing of sor-row,  
      And it will lighten life's la - bors,      Upward to glance the eye ;      Bit - ter in life's cup may mingle,

## REFRAIN.

All that seems glad and gay. }  
 Roll back the clouds by-and-by. } He will roll back the clouds by-and-by,    And the sunlight will burst from the  
 Nothing of pain or woe. }  
 But there is hope on high. } by-and-by,

sky ; . . . . With the hand of His love, from the dark sky above, He will roll back the clouds by-and-by . . . .  
 from the sky ; by-and-by.



# God's Blessed Word.

91

Words by Rev. J. H. MARTIN, D.D.

Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God's word is al - ways fresh and new, Each time we read it o - ver ; What charming pros-pects  
2. The Bi - ble, as a lamp and light, The way of life dis - clos - es ; It shines with radiance

CHORUS.

meet the view, What beau - ties we dis - cov - er ! This ho - ly book shall be our guide, Un -  
clear and bright, The sin - ner's path op - pos - es.

til we cross the riv - er ; And safe - ly land on Ca-naan's side, To dwell in bliss for - ev - er.

3 Instructor of the young and old,  
Its pages glow with splendor ;  
May we the law of truth behold,  
And willing service render.

4 O let us read and hear with joy,  
The Word of God believing ;  
And in His cause our powers employ,  
His gracious aid receiving.

## Millions for our King.

Words by Rev. R. W. TODD.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Ye Christian sol-diers, now a - rise, And arm you for the fight ;..... Your Leader calls you  
 2. The words of our as - cend - ing Lord A-down the a - ges roll ;..... In all the world go

from the skies, Go forth in His great might; And take you for your bat - tle cry, As on you march and sing,  
 preach my word To ev'ry hu-man soul, "Lo! I am with you to the end;" Then let the good news ring,

CHORUS.

And wave it on your banners high, "A mil - lion for your King!" A mil - lion in gold, a mil - lion of  
 While joy-ful - ly we raise and spend A mil - lion for our King! 4<sup>th</sup> v. Yes! millions in gold and millions of

soils, A million we will bring!..... A million in gold, a million of soils, A million for our King!  
 soils, To Him we'd gladly bring!..... Yes! millions in gold and millions of soils, Yes! millions for our King!

3 Enthroned on high He reigns in light,  
 And forth His Spirit sends,  
 He clothes His church with grace and might,  
 His messengers, attends.  
 Above us sounds the trumpet-call,  
 From angels on the wing;  
 O send the tidings forth to all,  
 "A million for our King!"

4 One million? O Thou Lamb of God!  
 Thine was the universe!  
 But all Thou gavest, and Thy blood,  
 To save us from the curse.  
 And shall *one million* pay our debt?  
 Too small the offering;  
 Lord, take it,—but our hearts are set  
 On millions for our King!

# Even Me.

Words by Mrs. E. CODNER.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

I. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; }  
 { Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing;—Let some droppings fall on me,— } E-ven me, E-ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour, Let me live and cling to Thee; Fain I'm longing for Thy favor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me; Even me, even me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me.	3 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit. Thou canst make the blind to see; Witnesses of Jesus' merit, Speak some word of pow'r to me; Even me, even me, Speak some word of pow'r to me.	4 Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so rich and boundless, Magnify it all in me; Even me, even me, Magnify it all in me.
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## When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

Words by I. J. BAILEY.

Music by B. F. BROWN.

1. In the val - ley, lone and wea - ry, Waiting for the coming day ; When the clouds shall leave our  
 2. If the jew - els we have cherished Fall in ru - ins at our feet ; If the storm-clouds dark and  
 3. When the strains of an - gel mu - sic Like a song up - on the sea, Greet the hearts of pil - grims

heavens, And the darkness flee a - way ; When the bo - som of our sor - row Shall be fill'd with joy un - told,  
 an - gry, Rain their bitter o'er the sweet ; From the twilight of the morning We in won - der shall be - hold,  
 longing For the home that is to be ; When the flutt'ring robes of lov'd ones, With a star on every fold,

REFRAIN.

When our hope shall be fru - i - tion, And the pearl - y gates un - fold. When the pearl - y gates un - fold,  
 All the gems once lost, there treasur'd, When the pearly gates un - fold.  
 Shine like suns, we'll bless our sorrow, When the pearly gates un - fold. the gates unfold,



*Rit.* *Rep. ad lib.*

We shall walk the streets of gold, Singing songs that ne'er grow old, When the pearly gates un-fold.

*the streets of gold, sweet songs*

## My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

Words by Rev. F. SMITH.

Tune—"AMERICA."

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the  
 2. My native country! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that

4.  
 pil - grim's pride; From ev - 'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring.  
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.

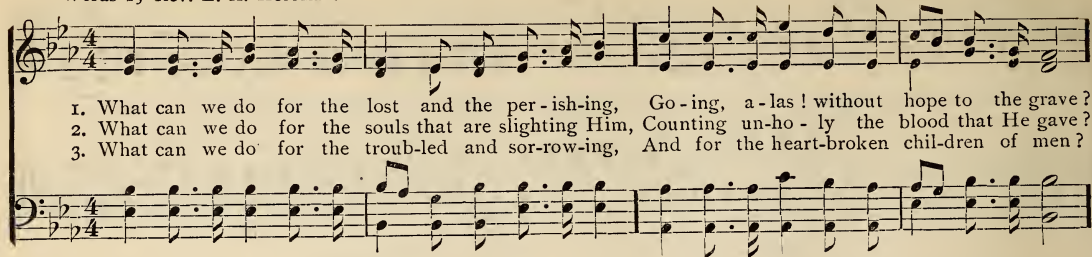
Our fathers' God! to Thee,  
 Author of liberty!

To Thee we sing;  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With freedom's holy light,  
 Protect us by Thy might,  
 Great God, our King.

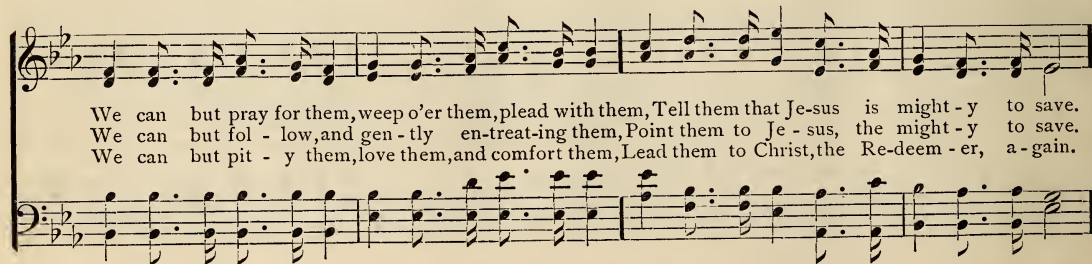
## Rescue the Erring.

Words by REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

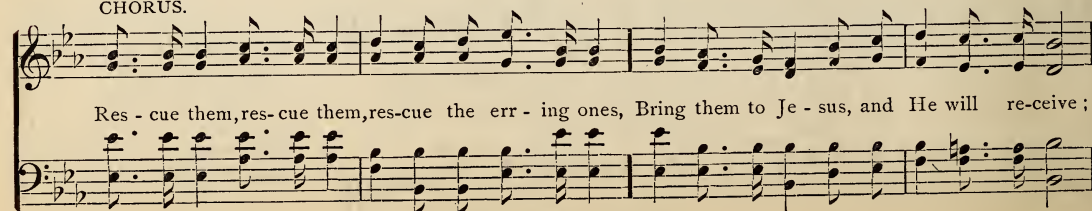


1. What can we do for the lost and the per-ish-ing, Go-ing, a-las! without hope to the grave?  
 2. What can we do for the souls that are slighting Him, Counting un-ho-ly the blood that He gave?  
 3. What can we do for the troub-led and sor-row-ing, And for the heart-broken chil-dren of men?



We can but pray for them, weep o'er them, plead with them, Tell them that Je-sus is might-y to save.  
 We can but fol-low, and gen-tly en-treat-ing them, Point them to Je-sus, the might-y to save.  
 We can but pit-y them, love them, and comfort them, Lead them to Christ, the Re-deem-er, a-gain.

## CHORUS.



Res-cue them, res-cue them, res-cue the err-ing ones, Bring them to Je-sus, and He will re-ceive;

*Rit.*

Res - cue them, res - cue them, res-cue the err - ing ones, Bring them to Je - sus, and He will for-give.

## Coronation.

Words by E. PERRONET.

Music by O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,  
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,

And crown Him Lord of all! Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!  
And crown Him Lord of all! Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!

- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng, We at His feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

## Upward, Ever Upward.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH

1. At life's mountain base we lin-ger, Fearful of its tow'ring height ; Upward, onward, points a fin-ger,  
 2. Young our feet, untried the danger, Toilsome crags are in the way ; May a pil-grim and a stran-ger,  
 3. On those heights the sun e-ter-nal Floods the crest with golden beams ; And the hills of E - den ver - nal,  
 4. On-ward, then, no longer tar - ry, Climbing bravely, upward still ; Hark ! the breezes mu-sic car - ry,

## CHORUS.

See, the crest is bathed in light ! Up - - - ward tend - - - ing, Up - - - ward  
 Mount and reach the realms of day ?  
 Far surpass all mor-tal dreams.  
 T'ward thee from the heav'nly hill. Up-ward, ev-er up - ward, Up - ward ev-er tending, From the summit bend-ing,

*Slower.*  
 tend - - - ing, While we toil-ing up-ward roam, An - gels sing a song of rest and home !  
 From the summit bending ;



# Come and Roll Away the Stone.

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Arranged by ASA HULL.

Words and Music by REV. E. J. PARKER.

1. Gath-er'd round the grave of Laz-'rus, Friends and two fond sisters weep ; 'Tis the loss of friend and  
 2. See! the Son of God is pray - ing, See Him there in sor-row bow ; See, oh, see! how much He  
 3. Friends and mourners, cease your weeping, Ye shall see the dead re - vive ; Je - sus speaks the word of  
 4. See ! his hands and feet are fas - ten'd, Fast - en'd so he can - not walk ; While his face is bound with

## CHORUS.

broth - er, Fills their hearts with anguish deep. Come and roll a - way the stone, Come and  
 loved him Who lies cold and si - lent now. Come and roll a - way the stone, Come, etc.  
 pow - er, And the dead comes forth a - live. They have rolled a - way the stone, They have  
 grave-clothes, He can nei-ther see nor talk. Loose him now and let Him go, Loose him

Come and roll

roll a - way the stone ; Let no hin - drance bar the way, Come and roll a - way the stone.  
 3. rolled a - way the stone ; Now no hin - drance bars the way, They have rolled a - way the stone.  
 4. now and let him go ; Let no hin - drance bar the way, Loose him now and let him go.

Come and roll, Let no hin-drance

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## Give Thanks, all ye People.

Words by Dr. MUHLBURG.

Music by ASA HULL.

*With Energy.*

1. Give thanks, all ye peo-ple, give thanks to the Lord, Al-le-lu-ias of freedom with joy-ful ac-cord ;  
 2. For the sunshine and rainfall, en-rich-ing a-gain Our a-cres in myriads with treasures of grain ;

Let the East and the West, North and South roll a-long, Sea, mountain, and prairie, one thanksgiving song.  
 For the Earth still unloading her mani-fold wealth, For the Skies beaming vigor, the Winds breathing health.

CHORUS.

Give thanks, all ye peo-ple, give thanks to the Lord, Al-le-lu-ias of freedom with joy-ful ac-cord.

3 In the Domes of Messiah, ye worshiping throngs,  
 Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs ;  
 The Ruler of Nations beseeching to spare,  
 And our Union to keep the Elect of His care.

4 Our guilt and transgressions remember no more ;  
 Peace, Lord ! righteous Peace, as Thy gift we adore,  
 And the Banner of Union, restored by Thy Hand,  
 Be the Banner of Freedom o'er all in the Land.

# Crown our Jesus.

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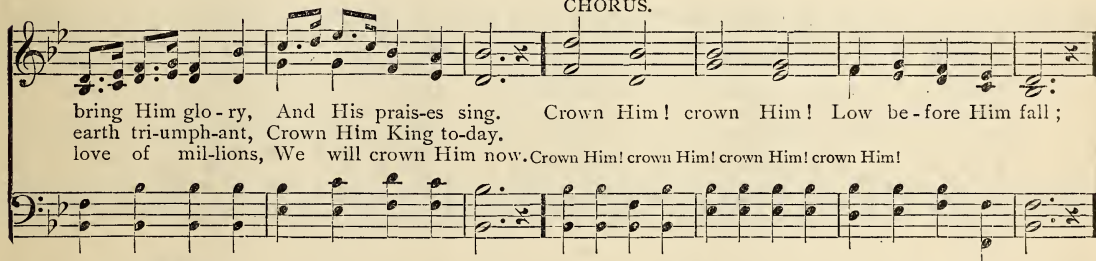
Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

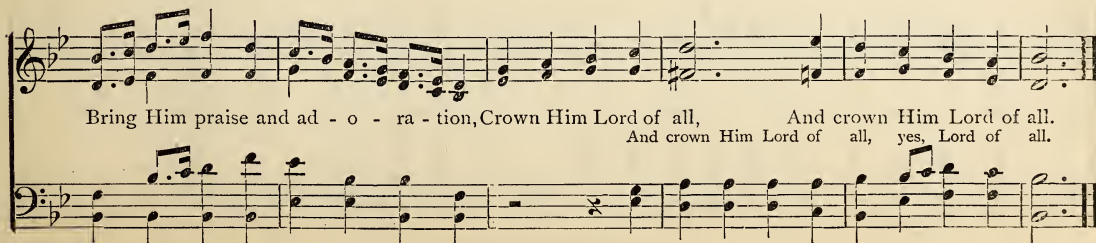


1. Crown our Je - sus! crown our Je - sus! Of all kings the King! Bring Him hon - or,  
 2. Crown our Je - sus! in a man-ger, Help-less once He lay; Now He reigns o'er  
 3. Once with thorns the hands of sol - diers Deck'd the roy - al brow; With the roy - al

## CHORUS.



bring Him glo - ry, And His prais-es sing. Crown Him! crown Him! Low be - fore Him fall;  
 earth tri-umph-ant, Crown Him King to-day.  
 love of mil-lions, We will crown Him now. Crown Him! crown Him! crown Him! crown Him!



Bring Him praise and ad - o - ra - tion, Crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 And crown Him Lord of all, yes, Lord of all.

## Rest, Sweetly Rest.

Music by ASA HULL.

*mp* *mf*

1. Rest, wea-ry heart! From all thy si-lent grief and se-cret pain, Thy prof-it-less re-grets and  
 2. Rest, wea-ry head! Lie down to slum-ber in the peaceful tomb; Light from above has brok-en  
 3. Rest, spir-it free! In the green pastures of the heav'nly shore, Where sin and sor-row can ap-

*Cres.* *mp* *Cres.*

longings vain; Wisdom and love have ordered all the past; All shall be bless-ed-ness and light at last;  
 thro' its gloom; Here in the place where once the Saviour lay, Where He should wake thee on a fut-ure day;  
 proach no more; With all the flock, by Christ the Shepherd fed, Be-side the stream of life e-ter-nal led;

*mp* *Cres.* *mp* *p* *dim.* *pp* *Slow.*

Cast off the cares that have so long oppress'd, Rest, sweet-ly rest! Rest, sweet-ly rest!  
 Like a tired child up-on its mother's breast, Rest, sweet-ly rest! Rest, sweet-ly rest!  
 For-ev-er with thy God and Saviour blest, Rest, sweet-ly rest! Rest, sweet-ly rest!

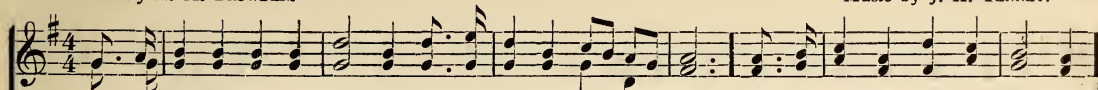


# Jesus Help us on our Journey.


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Words by E. M. BROWDEN.

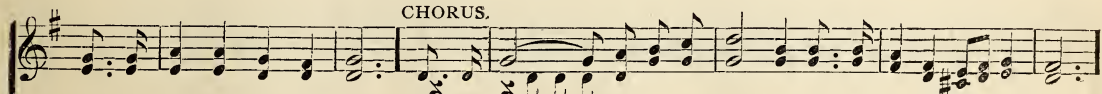
Music by J. H. TENNEY.



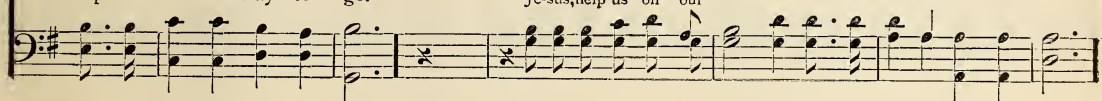
1. While we march up-on our jour-ney, Thro' this world of sin and pain, Je - sus, be our Guide and Captain,  
 2. While we march on thro' this warfare, And the foes a-round us stand, Let Thy watchful eye be o'er us,  
 3. While we march up-on our jour-ney, Thro' this vale of night and woe, Sav-iour, in Thy love pro-tect us,



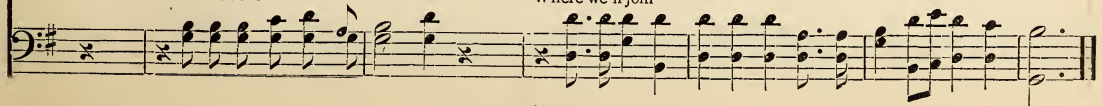
## CHORUS.



Free us from all guilt and stain. Je - sus, help..... us on our jour-ney, Lead and guard us all a - long,  
 Shield us from the tempter's hand.  
 Help us on our way to go. Je-sus, help us on our



Till we reach.... that land of promise, Where we'll join the heav'nly throng, Where we'll join the heav'nly throng.  
 Till we reach Where we'll join



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## All, All Alone.

*Andante.*

Words and Music by ASA HULL.

1. Down in the gar - den of Geth - sem - a - ne Be-hold Him there praying in great ag - o - ny!  
 2. Down in the val - ley of death He has gone, For-sak-en, He suf-fer'd, and died all a-lone!

*mp* *Cres.*

See! His dis - ci - ples are heav - y with sleep, A - lone, He in darkness must suf - fer and weep!  
 No one to com-fort His last try - ing hour, A - lone He must struggle with sa - tan - ic pow'r.

*p* *Cres.*

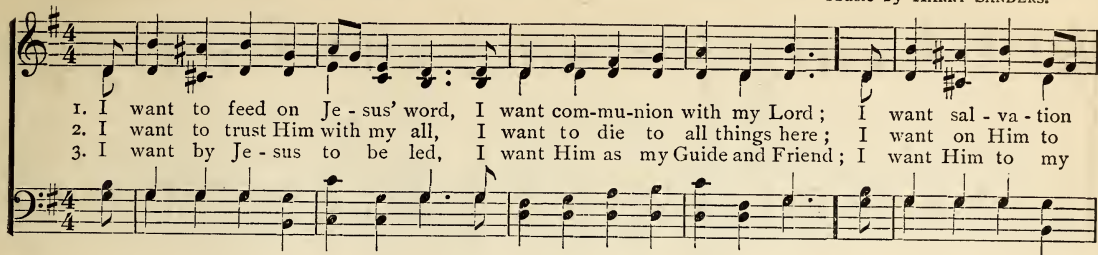
A - lone! a - lone! He must tread the wine-press alone! A - lone, a - lone, all a - lone!  
 A - lone! a - lone! He must tread the wine-press alone! A - lone, a - lone, all a - lone!

*ad lib.* *a tempo.* *Rit.*  
*p* *Cres.* *f* *p* *pp*

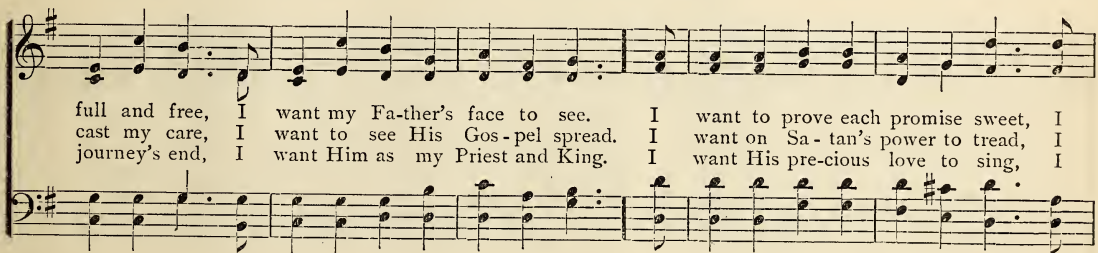
# The Wants of the Soul.

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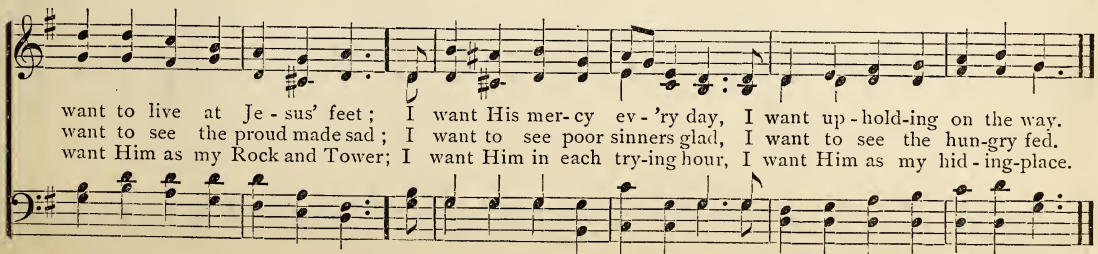
Music by HARRY SANDERS.



1. I want to feed on Je - sus' word, I want com-mu-nion with my Lord ; I want sal - va - tion  
 2. I want to trust Him with my all, I want to die to all things here ; I want on Him to  
 3. I want by Je - sus to be led, I want Him as my Guide and Friend ; I want Him to my



full and free, I want my Fa-ther's face to see. I want to prove each promise sweet, I  
 cast my care, I want to see His Gos-pel spread. I want on Sa-tan's power to tread, I  
 journey's end, I want Him as my Priest and King. I want His pre-cious love to sing, I



want to live at Je - sus' feet ; I want His mer-cy ev - 'ry day, I want up - hold-ing on the way.  
 want to see the proud made sad ; I want to see poor sinners glad, I want to see the hun-gry fed.  
 want Him as my Rock and Tower ; I want Him in each try-ing hour, I want Him as my hid-ing-place.

## The Rock of thy Salvation.

Arr. by HARRY SANDERS.

1. If life's pleas-ures charm thee, Give them not thy heart, Lest the gift en - tice thee,  
 2. If mis - for - tune find thee, Pain - ful though it be, Let it not ap - pall thee,  
 3. When earth's hopes shall fail thee, Let it not dis - tress, Com - fort sweet a - waits thee,

From thy God to part. His fa - vor seek, His prais-es speak, Fix here thy hope's foun - da - tion;  
 To thy Sav-iour flee. He ev - er near, thy pray'r will hear, And calm thy ag - i - ta - tion;  
 Christ will free-ly bless. To Je - sus flee, thy stay He'll be, Thy heav'n-ly con - so - la - tion;

REFRAIN.

Serve Him, and He will ev - er be The Rock of thy sal - va - tion. Rock of our sal -  
 The waves of woe shall ne'er o'er - flow The Rock of thy sal - va - tion.  
 For griefs be - low can - not o'er - throw The Rock of thy sal - va - tion.



va - tion, We rest in thy blest shade; Rock of our sal - va - tion, Our hopes on Thee are stay'd.

## In Sweet By-and-by.

Words and Music by I. N. McHose.

DUET. FULL CHORUS. DUET. FULL CHORUS.

1. We will lay our burdens down, By-and-by, by-and-by; Leave the cross and wear the crown, In sweet by-and-by.
2. Pain and suffer'ing will be o'er, By-and-by, by-and-by; When we reach yon blissful shore, In sweet by-and-by.
3. Sin's dark night will pass away, By-and-by, by-and-by; Then we'll live in end-less day, In sweet by-and-by.
4. Tho' we part, we'll meet again, By-and-by, by-and-by; Meet as priests and kings, to reign In sweet by-and-by.

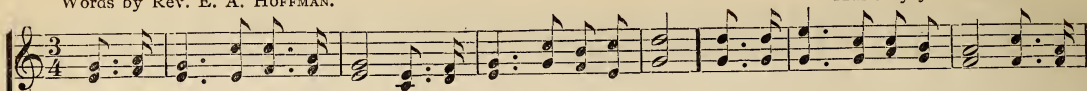
## REFRAIN.

O, we will hap-py be, By-and-by, by-and-by; Prais-ing e - ter-nal - ly, In sweet by-and-by.

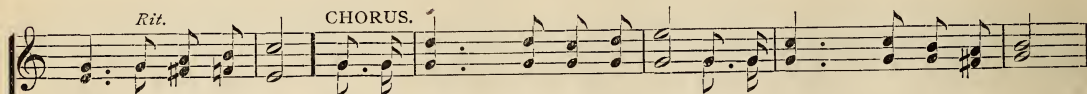
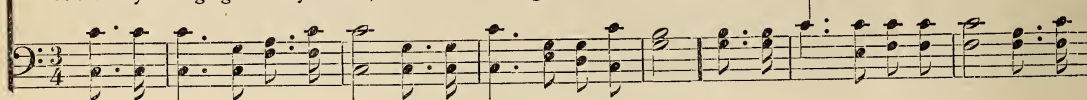
## He that Conquers Wins a Crown.

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

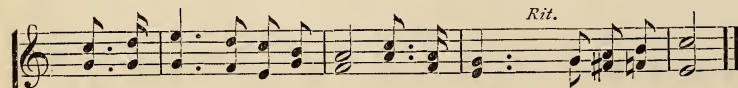
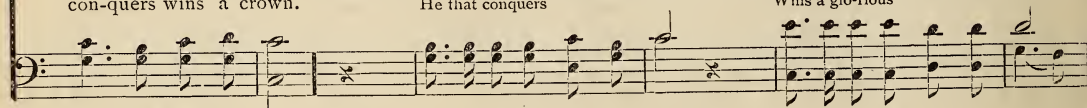
Music by J. H. TENNEY.



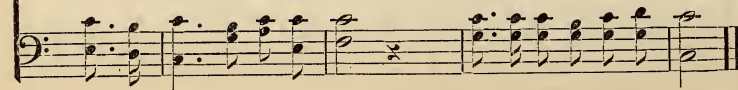
1. In the con - flict with the wrong, Be a he - ro and be strong ; Win a war-rior's famed renown, He that  
2. Bold-ly strug-gle with your sin, Let the war go on with-in ; Fight your strong temptations down, He that



- Rit.* con-quers wins a crown. He that con - quers wins a crown, Wins a glo - rious, heav'nly crown ;  
con-quers wins a crown. He that conquers Wins a glo-rious



- If you fight temptations down, You will wear a golden crown.  
You will wear



- 3 There are many foes to fight,  
Many blows to strike for right ;  
Do not lay the armor down,  
He that conquers wins a crown.

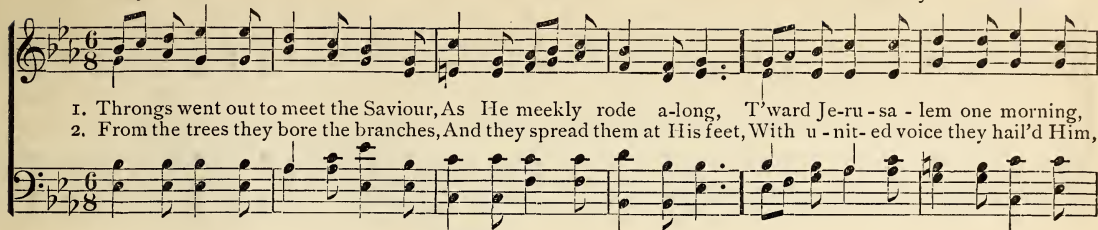
- 4 God will need strong arms to-day ;  
Hosts of darkness must give way ;  
Help to fight the tempter down,  
He that conquers wins a crown.

# Sing Hosanna.

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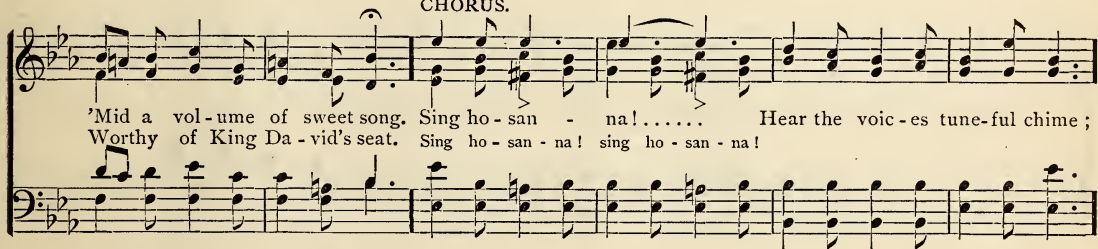
Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

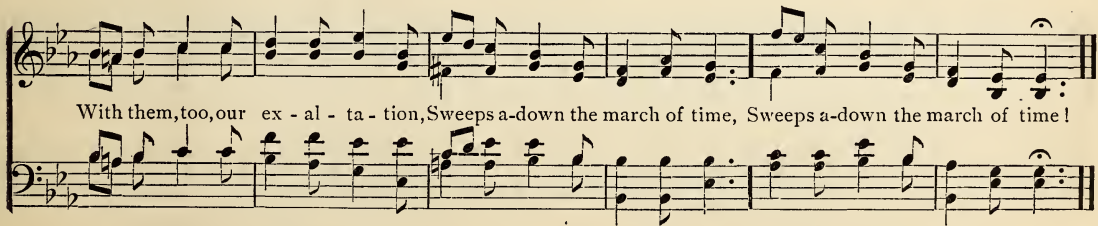


1. Throngs went out to meet the Saviour, As He meekly rode a-long, T'ward Je-ru-sa-lem one morning,  
2. From the trees they bore the branches, And they spread them at His feet, With u-nit-ed voice they hail'd Him,

## CHORUS.



'Mid a vol-ume of sweet song. Sing ho-san - na!..... Hear the voic-es tune-ful chime;  
Worthy of King Da-vid's seat. Sing ho-san - na! sing ho-san - na!



With them, too, our ex-al-ta-tion, Sweeps a-down the march of time, Sweeps a-down the march of time!

3 In His heart prophetic shadows  
Speak of agony the while,  
But the people's jubilation,  
Lights His face with tender smile.

4 Now, as then, glad praises greet Him,  
And our songs to Him resound,  
Forth to meet Him we will journey,  
While we deck with palms the ground.

## Above the Clouds.

Words by F. G. BURROUGHS.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. A-bove the clouds of un-be-lief, The soul may find a sweet re-lief; From ev'ry care and anxious  
 2. A-bove the clouds the sky is clear; Without a doubt, without a fear; The foe may hurl his fie-ry

## CHORUS.

thought, A free-dom our Re-deem-er bought! A-bove the clouds our souls may dwell, A-bove the  
 darts, The shield of faith pro-TECTS our hearts. our souls may dwell,

clouds all things are well; O free-dom blest, O sweet re-lease, O boon di-vine of per-fect peace!  
 all things are well;

3 Above the clouds is joy divine,  
 Enough to fill thy cup and mine;  
 Above the clouds all toil is sweet,  
 And rest is found at Jesus' feet.

4 Above the clouds, away with gloom,  
 Above the clouds there yet is room  
 For all who cast on Him their care,  
 And know the Lord will answer prayer.



1. On - ly be - lieve, be not a - fraid, Falls from the lips of the glo - ri - fied Son ;  
 2. On - ly be - lieve, oh, Christ is near, Quick-'ning thy life in - to love's ear-nest beat ;

On - ly be - lieve, thy peace is made, On - ly be - lieve, thou sor - row - ing one.  
 On - ly be - lieve, His love's good cheer, It shall up - hold thy weak, wea - ry feet.

## REFRAIN.

On-ly be - lieve, On-ly be-lieve, On-ly be - lieve, On - ly be-lieve, On - ly be-lieve, be not a - fraid.

3 Only believe, thy faith may be  
 Weakest and smallest of glory's good seed ;  
 He'll dress and grow a heavenly tree,  
 Only believe, He knows your full need.

4 Only believe, for He is thine,  
 Saviour and Guide, stay close to His side ;  
 Charmed by His love, His grace divine—  
 Go wheré He leads—in Him sweetly 'bide.

## See! From the Morning Land.

Words by FANNY CROSEY.

Music by Dr. H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. See! from the morning land, O - ver its gold-en strand Love spreads her wings; Where, from a troubled sleep,  
 2. Oh, how her welcome voice Bids them in hope re-joice, Calms ev'ry fear; Sweet-ly we hear her say,  
 3. Hail, Thou Anointed one, God's own e-ter-nal Son, Glo-ry to Thee; Thou our ex-alt-ed Lord,

REFRAIN.  
 Sad hearts awake to weep, Where their lone watch they keep, Tidings she brings. Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ is ris'n in  
 Roll'd is the stone a-way, Je-sus a-rose to-day, Dry ev'-ry tear.  
 Thou the In-car-nate Word, By all in heav'n a-dor'd, Thy name shall be.

glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah! hallelujah! A-men! Christ the Lord our God is ris'n in glory! Hallelujah! A - men.

# There is a Green Hill Far Away.

113

Words by MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

Music by RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.



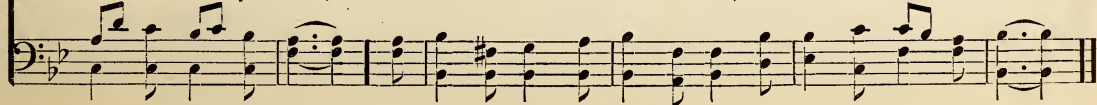
1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall, Where the dear Lord was
2. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good, That we might go at
3. O dear-ly, dear-ly, has He loved, And we must love Him too, And trust in His re-



cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all. We may not know, we can-not tell, What  
last to heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood. There was no oth-er good e-nough To  
deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. For there's a green hill far a-way, With-

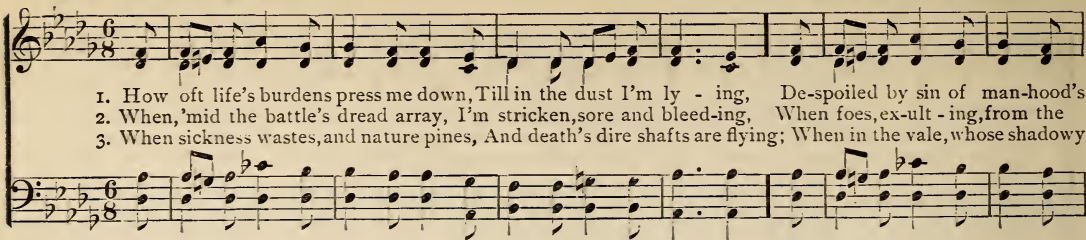


pain He had to bear; But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fer'd there.  
pay the price of sin; He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.  
out a cit-y wall, Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.

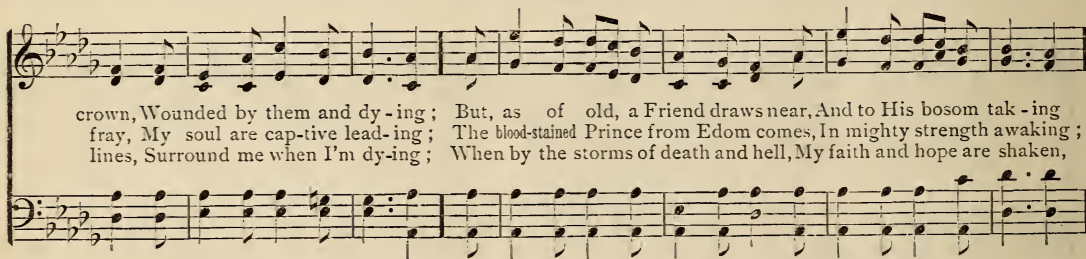


Words by Rev. R. W. TODD.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

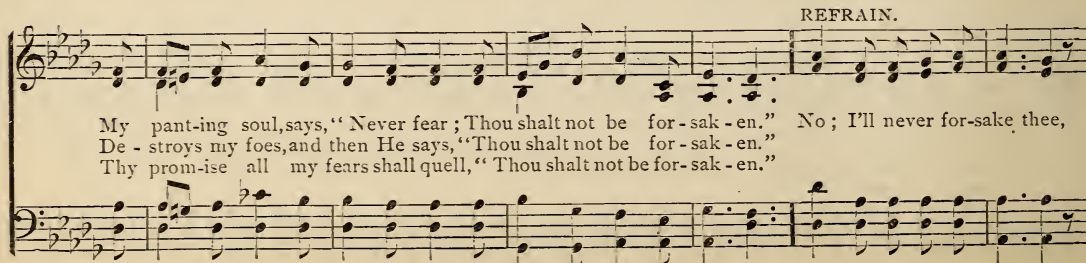


1. How oft life's burdens press me down, Till in the dust I'm ly - ing, De-spoiled by sin of man-hood's  
 2. When, 'mid the battle's dread array, I'm stricken, sore and bleed-ing, When foes, ex-ult - ing, from the  
 3. When sickness wastes, and nature pines, And death's dire shafts are flying; When in the vale, whose shadowy



crown, Wounded by them and dy-ing; But, as of old, a Friend draws near, And to His bosom tak-ing  
 fray, My soul are cap-tive lead-ing; The blood-stained Prince from Edom comes, In mighty strength awaking;  
 lines, Surround me when I'm dy-ing; When by the storms of death and hell, My faith and hope are shaken,

REFRAIN.



My pant-ing soul, says, "Never fear; Thou shalt not be for-sak-en." No; I'll never for-sake thee,  
 De- stroy my foes, and then He says, "Thou shalt not be for-sak-en."  
 Thy prom-ise all my fears shall quell, "Thou shalt not be for-sak-en."



On my bo-som I'll take thee ; What from my love shall sev - er ? I'll for-sake thee, no, nev - er ! ”

## Just for To-day.

Words by D. K.

Music by Dr. H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. Lord, for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray ; Keep me, my God, from stain of sin, Just for to - day.  
 2. Let me no wrong or i - dle word Unthinking say ; Set Thou a seal up - on my lips Thro' all to - day.  
 3. And if, to-day, this life of mine Should ebb away, Give me Thy Sacra - ment Di - vine, Fa - ther, to - day.

Help me to la - bor ear-nest - ly, And du - ly pray ; Let me be kind in word and deed, Fa - ther, to - day.  
 Let me in sea-son, Lord, be grave, In sea-son gay ; Let me be faithful to Thy grace, Dear Lord, to - day.  
 So, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray ; Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Thro' each to-day.

SOLO. *Slow and soft.*

Words and Music by A. B. BRAGDON.

1. Thro' the bleak and dreary street,      Where the cold winds keenly blow,      See, a child with bare, chill'd  
2. In an at-tic cold and bare,      'Mid the dropping of the rain,      See, a woman, gaunt and  
3. When you pass the orphan by,      With a - vert-ed look of scorn ;      While the lone one toils and

DUET.

feet,      Wand'ring on 'mid ice and snow ;      Houseless, homeless, — God's own word      Shall its  
wan,      Stitch from morn till morn a - gain.      Fainting, famished, — Christian man,      Does not  
sighs,      Faint and weak from morn to morn :      Think, there soon shall come a day,      When thy

pre - cious comfort be, "As ye did it un-to these, Ye have done it un - to Me."  
 God ap-pear to thee, "As ye did it un-to these, Ye have done it un - to Me."  
 God shall say to thee, "As ye did it un-to these, Ye have done it un - to Me."

## Boylston.

Words by TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Music by L. MASON.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode,—The Church our blest Redeemer sav'd With His own precious blood.  
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls before Thee stand, Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;  
 For her my prayers ascend;  
 To her my cares and toils be given,  
 Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy  
 I prize her heavenly ways;  
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
 Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
 To Zion shall be given  
 The brightest glories earth can yield,  
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

## He shall Come Down like Rain.

*Andante.*

Arranged from PORTOGALLO, by ASA HULL.

He shall come down like rain... up-on the mown grass, He shall come down like rain... up-on the  
like rain.....  
He shall come down.....

mown grass, As showers that wa - ter, that wa - ter the earth ; earth. In His day shall the righteous  
*f*

flour - ish, In His day shall the righteous flour - ish, And His name shall en - dure, shall en -  
*f*



1st time. 2d time.

ture for - ev - er, And His name shall en - dure, shall en - dure for - ev - er; ev - er, for - ev - er.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef and the piano part is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into two times. The first time ends with a repeat sign, and the second time begins with a repeat sign. The lyrics are: 'ture for - ev - er, And His name shall en - dure, shall en - dure for - ev - er; ev - er, for - ev - er.'

Seasons.

Words by DODDRIDGE.

Music by I. PLEVEL.

1. The flow'ry spring at Thy com-mand, Per-fumes the air, a - dorns the land; The sum-mer rays with  
2. Thy hand, in autumn, rich - ly pours Thro' all our coast, re - dun-dant stores; And win - ters, soft-ened

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef and the piano part is in the bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into two parts. The first part ends with a repeat sign, and the second part begins with a repeat sign. The lyrics are: '1. The flow'ry spring at Thy com-mand, Per-fumes the air, a - dorns the land; The sum-mer rays with 2. Thy hand, in autumn, rich - ly pours Thro' all our coast, re - dun-dant stores; And win - ters, soft-ened'

3 The changing seasons, months, and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise;  
And be the grateful homage paid,  
With morning light and evening shade.

vig - or shine, To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.  
by Thy care, No more the face of hor - ror wear.

4 Here in Thy house let incense rise,  
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,  
Till to those lofty heights we soar,  
Where days and years revolve no more.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef and the piano part is in the bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into two parts. The first part ends with a repeat sign, and the second part begins with a repeat sign. The lyrics are: '3 The changing seasons, months, and days, Demand successive songs of praise; And be the grateful homage paid, With morning light and evening shade. 4 Here in Thy house let incense rise, And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes, Till to those lofty heights we soar, Where days and years revolve no more.'

## Peace, be Still!

Words by M. A. BAKER.

Music by H. R. PALMER.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing, The bil-lows are toss-ing high; The sky is o'er-shad-ow'd with  
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day; The depths of my sad heart are

blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh; "Carest Thou not that we per-ish?" How canst Thou lie a-sleep,  
 troubled, Oh, wak-en and save, I pray; Torrents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sinking soul;

CHORUS.

When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep? The winds and the waves shall o-  
 And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter, O hast-en to take con-trol.

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*p* *pp* *m* *Cres.* *mf*

bey my will, Peace, be still!.. Whether the wrath of the storm-toss'd sea, Or demons or men, or whatever it be,  
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!

*f* *ff*

No waters can swallow the ship where lies The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o-

*m* *p* *m* *p Slower.* *pp*

bey my will, Peace, be still! peace, be still! They all shall sweetly o - bey my will, Peace, peace, be still!

3 Master, the terror is over,  
The elements sweetly rest;  
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirror'd,  
And heaven's within my breast;

Linger, O blessed Redeemer,  
Leave me alone no more,  
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,  
And rest on the blissful shore.

## Blessed is He that Cometh.

Music by ASA HULL.

*Allegretto.*

*f*

Bless-ed is He that com-eth in the name of the Lord! Bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed!....

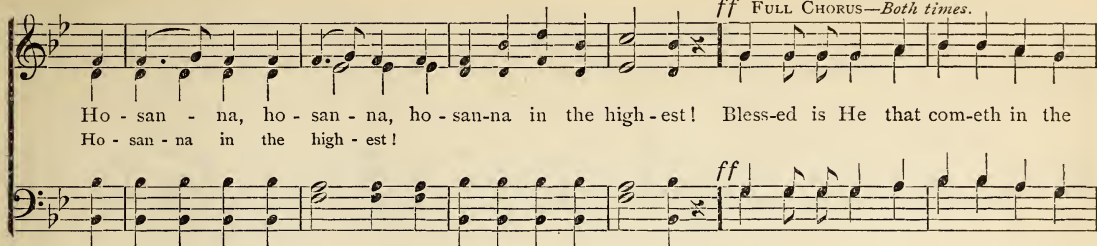
*f*

Bless-ed is He that com-eth in the name of the Lord! Ho-san - na! ho-san - na! ho-  
Bless-ed is He that com-eth in the

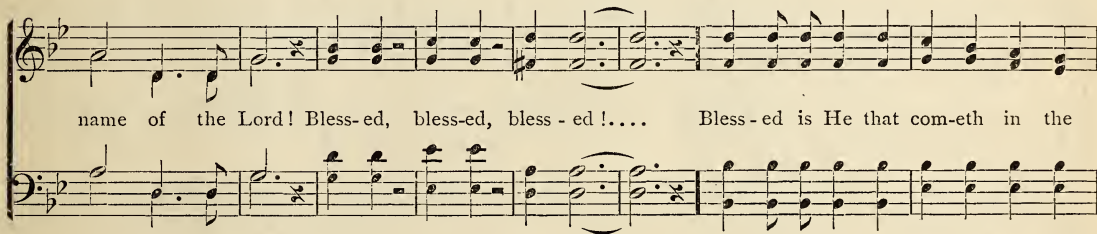
*Second time pp, or by a Quartette in adjoining room.*

san - - - na! Ho-san - na, ho-san - na, ho-san - na in the high-est!  
name of the Lord! Ho-san-na in the high-est!

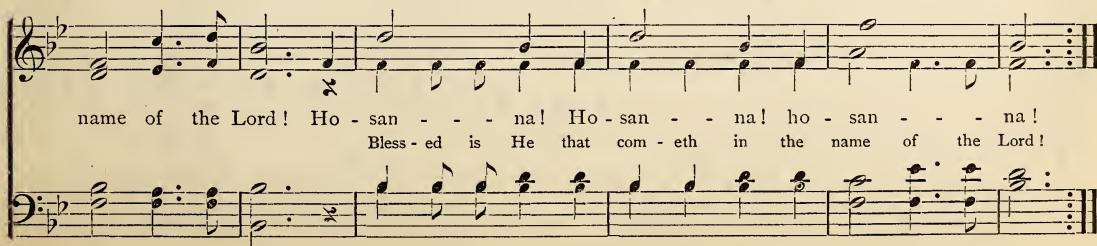


*ff* FULL CHORUS—Both times.


Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the high - est! Bless - ed is He that com - eth in the  
Ho - san - na in the high - est!



name of the Lord! Bless - ed, bless - ed, bless - ed!.... Bless - ed is He that com - eth in the



name of the Lord! Ho - san - - - na! Ho - san - - - na! ho - san - - - na!  
Bless - ed is He that com - eth in the name of the Lord!

## Welcome To-day.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. Wel-come a-gain to our Fes-ti-val day, Sweet-ly in song we our gladness con-vey ; Count we the  
 2. Dan-ger and death from our ranks stay'd its hand, Beauty and plen-ty a-bound in the land ; Glad rings the

## REFRAIN.

bles-sings of day and of year, Joys and delights that our being endear. Wel - come, wel - come,  
 sound of the Gos-pel of peace, Songs of sal-va-tion to Je-sus in-crease. Wel-come to-day, wel-come to-day !

*Ritard.*

Welcome, thrice welcome to-day ! . . . Sing - ing, sing - ing, Singing our welcome to-day ! . . .  
 thrice wel-come to-day ! Sing-ing to-day joy we con-vey, to-day.

3 Countless as stars in the blue spreading arch,  
 Endless as time in its swift onward march ;  
 Bright as the sunbeams of heaven appear,  
 Such were the blessings that rounded the year.

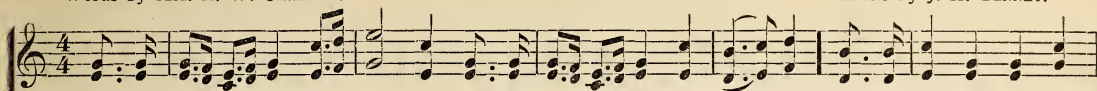
4 What can we render but thankful acclaim ?  
 Nought may we offer, but praise to His name ;  
 Take it, O Father, the tribute we give,  
 Sweeter we'll sing when in heaven we live.

# Sing Aloud.

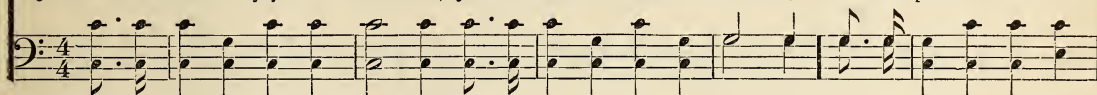
125

Words by Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.



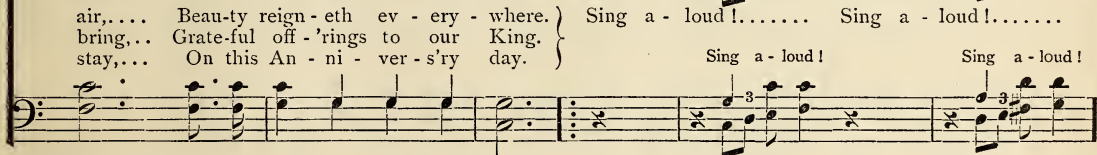
1. Hark! the bells are sweet - ly ring - ing, Flo - ral treas - ures we are bring - ing, Clear and pure the balm - y
2. Bright o'er us the light is beam - ing, And with love the sky is teem - ing, Youthful hearts and lives we
3. Now we raise a joy - ful cho - rus, Je - sus loves and watches o'er us, His sure prom - ise is our



## CHORUS.

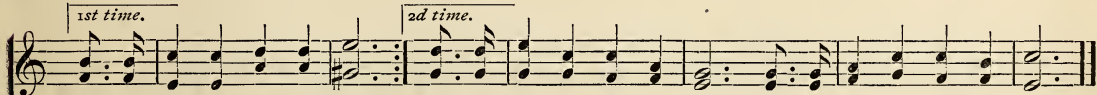


air,... Beau - ty reign - eth ev - ery - where. } Sing a - loud!..... Sing a - loud!.....  
 bring,... Grate - ful off - 'rings to our King. }  
 stay,... On this An - ni - ver - s'ry day. } Sing a - loud! Sing a - loud!



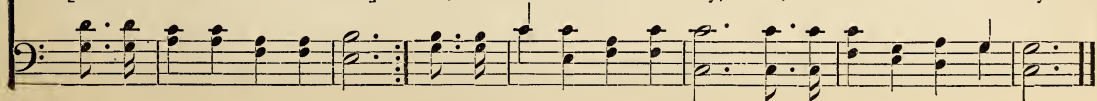
1st time.

2d time.



Joy - ful is our hap - py lay;  
 [OMIT.....]

Oh, we love this fes - tal day, Oh, we love this fes - tal day.



## Sing unto the Lord.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.

1. Now to the Lord a no-ble song, For He is good, the Lord is good! Glo-ry and honor to Him be-long, He  
 2. He rules the world with truth and grace; His home is in the heav'ns above; There saints and angels behold His face; His

rides up-on the rag - ing flood! For He is good, the Lord is good, And ev-er-last-ing is His throne!  
 throne is ev-er-last - ing love. O praise the Lord, for He is good, And ev-er-last-ing is His throne!

Glo - ry and honor, praise and pow'r be un - to Him, Glo - ry and hon-or, praise and pow'r be un - to Him!



*mf*  
Glo-ry and honor, wisdom and power, Glo-ry and honor, praise and pow'r be unto Him! *f* Be un-to Him for-

*Repeat ad lib.*

*mf* ev-er and ev-er, Be un-to Him for ev-er-more! *ff* Be un-to Him for ev-er-more, for ev - er-more!

## Pleyel's Hymn.

Music by PLEYEL.

1. Lord of hosts, how lovely fair, E'en on earth, Thy temples are! Here Thy waiting people see Much of heav'n and much of Thee.

2 From Thy gracious presence flows  
Bliss that softens all our woes;  
While Thy Spirit's holy fire  
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate Thy throne;  
Here Thy pard'ning grace is known;  
Here we learn Thy righteous ways,  
Taste Thy love, and sing Thy praise.

## New Year's Hymn.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Join your voic - es, youth re-joic - es, New Year hymns again to sing ; For our new and many mer - cies,  
 2. Thou hast kept us, God of glo - ry, Since the last New Year be-gan ; Still pro-claim-ing the sweet sto - ry,  
 3. From this mo-ment, Ho-ly Je - sus, May our hearts be whol-ly Thine ! Then we'll sing that best of prais-es,

Lord, our heart-felt praise we bring. Summer flow'rs have bloom'd and faded, Summer hours have come and fled ;  
 Of Thy wondrous love to man. Shall we long - er keep Him waiting, Who for us hath wait-ed long ?  
 "I am His, and He is mine." Je - sus ! by Thy blood and Spirit, May we all Thy chil-dren be,

REFRAIN.

By Thy care we still are aid-ed, By Thy hand we still are fed. Lord of glo - ry ! we a-dore Thee  
 He to whom both soul and bod-y, Heart and life, and all be-long ?  
 Then in Thee we shall in - her - it Hap - pi - ness e - ter - nal - ly.

# New Year's Hymn.—CONCLUDED.

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Now be-fore Thee in an-oth-er year ; May Thy heav'nly love a-bid-ing, Be on ev - 'ry scholar here.

Words by J. G. ROBINSON.

## The Sunday-school Vineyard.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. { Work-ers in this vine-yard fair, Where the vin-tage is so great,  
Come, re-new your strength in prayer, For the har-vest [OMIT.....] must not wait. While to - geth-er

let us sing, Songs to cheer us day by day ; Praise the Lord in ev-ery-thing, As we journey on our way.

2 Reapers in the fields of truth,  
Let your blades be bright and keen ;  
Gather in the hearts of youth,  
That with Jesus they may reign.

3 Lab'ers, though ye be but few,  
Falter not at Duty's call ;  
For the promise is to you,  
Be ye faithful, one and all.

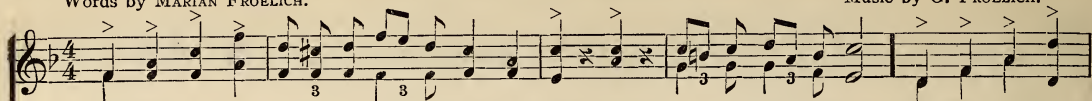
4 Gird your loins with godly zeal,  
And the harvest gather in ;  
Hear the Master's strong appeal,  
Work with me, to save from sin.

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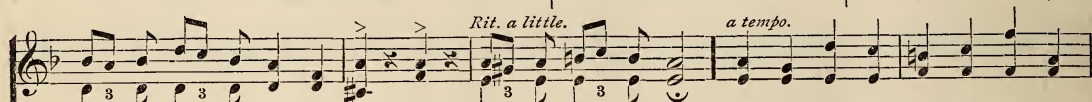
## Christmas Music.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

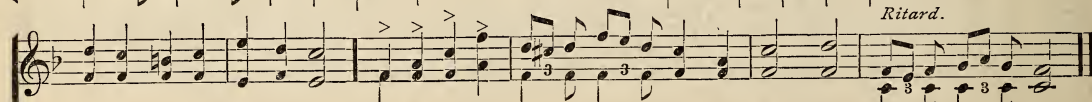
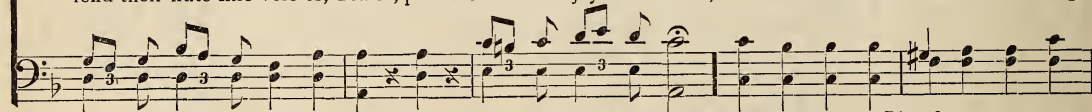
Music by G. FROELICH.



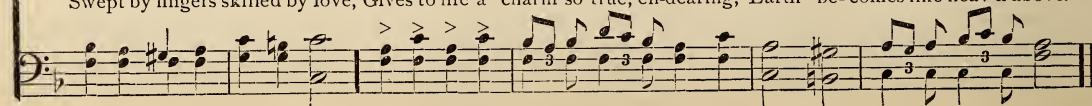
1. Christmas mu-sic mer-ri-ly wakes the echoes; Hark! hark! how it freights the air; While the storm-king
2. Christmas mu-sic mer-ri-ly wakes the echoes; Hark! hark! o'er the cit-y's streets; Peal-ing clear-ly
3. Christmas mu-sic mer-ri-ly wakes the echoes; Hark! hark! sounding far and near; Hap-py chil-dren



holds his wild-est rev-els, Flings, flings snow-drifts ev-erywhere; From the bel-fry in the tow-er,  
while the snow is fall-ing, Pure, pure, cov-'ring all it meets; The ca-the-dral's deep-toned thunder  
lend their flute-like voic-es, Praise, praise Christ-mas joy and cheer; Sweetest mu-sic of the heart-strings,



In the chapel on the hill, Har-mony de-scends like sil-ver shower, Or like sweet-ly flow-ing rill..  
Joins a sweetly chiming bell, And the pass-er, lost in joy and wonder, Lists what met-al tongues can tell.  
Swept by fingers skilled by love, Gives to life a charm so true, en-dearing, Earth be-comes like heav'n above.



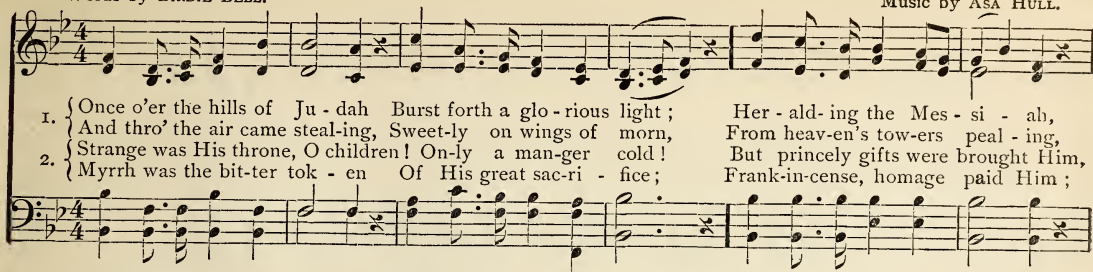


# Christ's Natal Day.

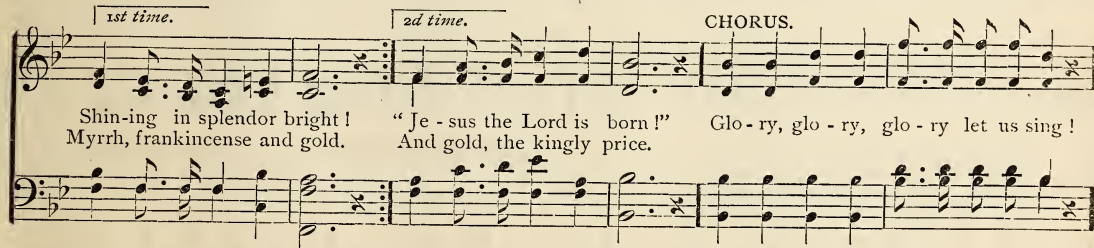
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Words by BIRDIE BELL.

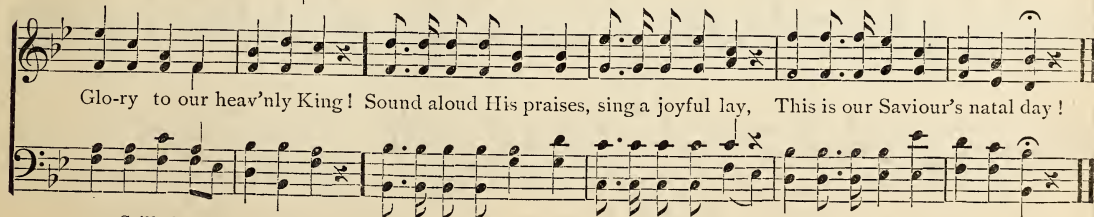
Music by ASA HULL.



1. { Once o'er the hills of Ju - dah Burst forth a glo - rious light ; Her - ald - ing the Mes - si - ah,  
 { And thro' the air came steal - ing, Sweet - ly on wings of morn, From heav - en's tow - ers peal - ing,  
 2. { Strange was His throne, O children! On - ly a man - ger cold ! But princely gifts were brought Him,  
 { Myrrh was the bit - ter tok - en Of His great sac - ri - fice ; Frank - in - cense, homage paid Him ;



1st time. 2d time. CHORUS.  
 Shin - ing in splendor bright ! " Je - sus the Lord is born ! " Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry let us sing !  
 Myrrh, frankincense and gold. And gold, the kingly price.



Glo - ry to our heav'nly King ! Sound aloud His praises, sing a joyful lay, This is our Saviour's natal day !

3 Still through the air around us  
 Echo celestial strains ;  
 Still o'er earth's sinful darkness  
 That Light in grandeur reigns ;

What are the gifts we'll bring Him ?  
 No type of sorrow now !  
 Hearts' prayers shall be our incense,  
 And love shall crown His brow.

## The Joyful Tidings.

Words by W. BENNETT.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. When to save a sin - ful race, Je - sus left His Father's throne,...  
 2. Swift - ly from the courts above Down the shining path they flew,...  
 3. Loud the joy - ful cho - rus rang, Peace on earth, good - will to man....  
 4. With the an - gels we would sing, And our song shall never cease.....

Ang - els, wond'ring at His grace,  
 Hap - py spir - its wing'd with love,  
 Such the song the an - gels sang,  
 Glo - ry to the new-born King,

CHORUS.

*ff* Haste to make His advent known. Joy - ful tid - ings, Christ is born! Her - ald an - gels sweetly sing;  
 Fill'd with rapture, strange and new.  
 As they learn'd God's wondrous plan.  
 Glo - ry to the Prince of Peace!

*ff*

5 Glory be to God on high,  
 For His mercy kindly shown,  
 Let the anthem reach the sky,  
 Till to all His truth is known.

We on this, His na - tal morn, Join to praise the new-born King!

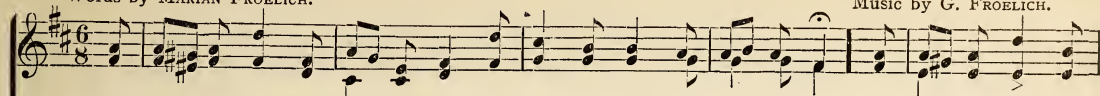
6 Sing the great Redeemer's name,  
 Vie with angel hosts above,  
 Spread abroad His matchless fame,  
 Tell to all His wondrous love.

# Our Christmas Tree.

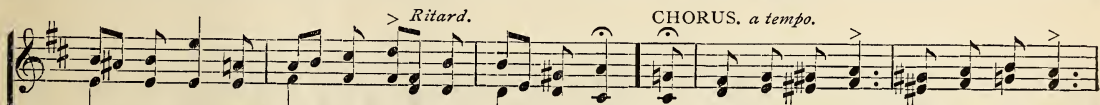
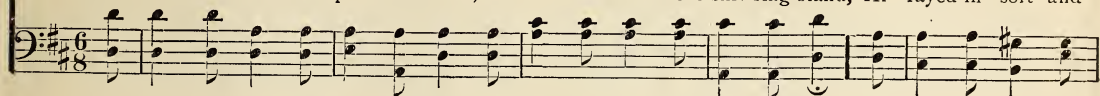
133

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

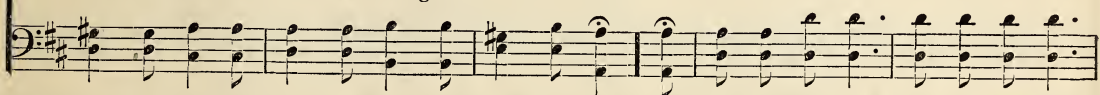
Music by G. FROELICH.



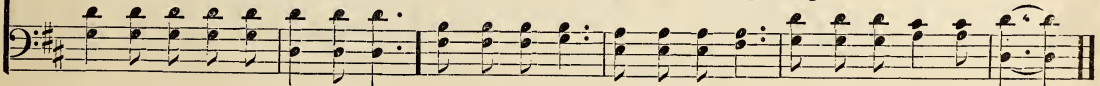
1. What tree is this that tow'rs so high, In ver-dure clad 'neath wint'ry sky? Its branches bend with  
2. When bit-ter winds sweep o'er the land, The for-est mon-archs shiv'ring stand, Ar-rayed in soft and



- treas-ures rare, For love has placed its to-kens there. Then, hap-pi-ly sing! joy-ful-ly sing!  
liv-ing green, Be-hold, our changeless tree is seen.



- Now these beau-ti-ful gifts we see; Hap-pi-ly sing! joy-ful-ly sing! Sing of our Christmas tree.



- 3 Bedecked with gold and silver bright,  
And golden tapers giving light;  
And presents, too, to children dear,  
And found arranged in beauty here.

- 4 There loving thought and mem'ries sweet,  
On ev'ry bough, enthroned, we greet;  
With happy hearts we all agree,  
In thanks for this, our Christmas tree.

## The Wonderful Star.

SOLO OR QUARTETTE.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.

1. Let down from heav'n above through gates a - jar,      Fresh from the throne of God, O    wondrous Star!  
 2. Cher-ubs and Ser-aphs sang    pe - ans that night,      As through Ju - de - a flashed thy wondrous light;  
 3. Myr - iad the stars that shine, twinkling on high,      Roy - al - ly    out from them, thee we de - scri!

Shed - ding re - ful - gent light o'er Beth - le - hem,      Pierc - ing the O - ri - ent, a    sign to them!  
 King of the star - ry host in mid - night skies,      Her - ald so won - der - ful, thy    news we prize.  
 Guid - ing the Ma - gi band, thy flash - ing beams      Rest where the Ho - ly Child in    slum - ber dreams!

CHORUS.

Star, bright and beau - ti - ful,    won - der - ful Star!    Lead - ing the wise men from their homes a - far!



# The Wonderful Star.—CONCLUDED.

135

Let down from heav'n above, through gates a- jar! Beau-ti- ful, beau-ti- ful, won- der- ful Star!

This musical score is for the song 'The Wonderful Star'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: 'Let down from heav'n above, through gates a- jar! Beau-ti- ful, beau-ti- ful, won- der- ful Star!'.

Words by WARTS.

## Joy to the World.

Music arr. from HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room,

This musical score is for the first part of 'Joy to the World'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: '1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room,'.

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nat-ure sing.  
And heav'n and nature sing,.....

And heav'n and nature sing,

This musical score continues the melody for 'Joy to the World'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: 'And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nat-ure sing. And heav'n and nature sing,..... And heav'n and nature sing,'.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness  
And wonders of His love.

## The Echoed Song.

Words by ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

Music by ASA HULL.  
ECHO.\*

1. Soft - ly down the lapse of a - ges, Comes the ech-o soft and low ;  
 2. Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Christ the Lord is born to - day!  
 3. Ah! the ech - oes from the mountain, And on moon-lit Gal - i - lee!  
 4. We can bring no East - ern treas-ure, With their in - cense rare and sweet!

Glo - ry in the highest, glo - ry!

Of the song in Beth-l'hem car - ol'd, Eighteen hun-dred years a - go!  
 Chime, ye Christmas bells, the sto - ry, Let the chil-dren join the lay!  
 Nev - er woke to sweet - er mu - sic Than that Christmas mel - o - dy!  
 But our hearts, with love o'er - flow-ing. We will lay at Je - sus' feet.

Glo - ry in the highest, glo - ry!

CHORUS.

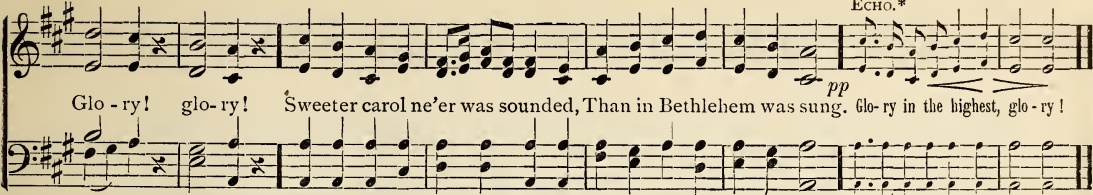
**ff** Glo-ry in the high-est, glo - ry! Glo-ry in the high-est, glo - ry! Glo-ry in the high-est, glo - ry!

[This line may be used as Echo or Cho. ad lib.]

# The Echoed Song.—CONCLUDED.

137

ECHO.\*



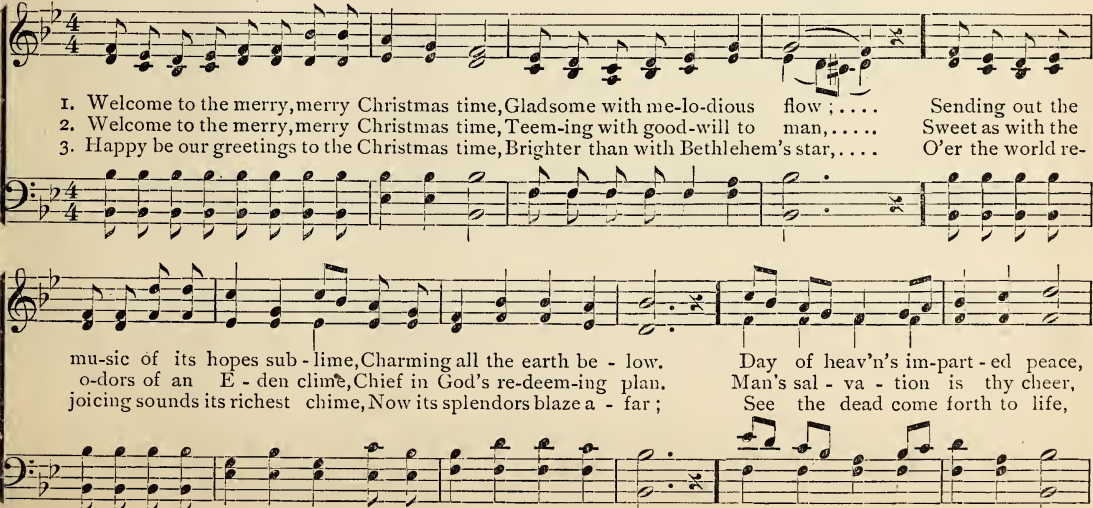
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Sweeter carol ne'er was sounded, Than in Bethlehem was sung. *pp* Glo - ry in the highest, glo - ry!

\* Echoes should be sung by four voices in an adjoining room, or concealed from view.

## The Golden Bells.

Words by W. H. RUDDIMAN.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Welcome to the merry, merry Christmas time, Glad some with me-lo-dious flow ;.... Sending out the  
 2. Welcome to the merry, merry Christmas time, Teem-ing with good-will to man,..... Sweet as with the  
 3. Happy be our greetings to the Christmas time, Brighter than with Bethlehem's star,.... O'er the world re-

mu-sic of its hopes sub-lime, Charming all the earth be-low.  
 o-dors of an E-den clime, Chief in God's re-deem-ing plan.  
 joicing sounds its richest chime, Now its splendors blaze a-far ;

Day of heav'n's im-part-ed peace,  
 Man's sal-va-tion is thy cheer,  
 See the dead come forth to life,

## The Golden Bells.—CONCLUDED.

May we feel thy joys divine increase ; Catching still the beams of that clear morn When our infant Lord was born.  
Thou hast banished sin's enslaving fear, Scattering the gloom beneath Thy ray, From the Saviour's natal day.  
And the reign of love o'er-master strife ; Glo-ry in the highest be the song Un-to God from ev-'ry tongue.

CHORUS. *Rep. pp ad lib.*

Gold - en bells, chime on, chime on, Chime with tune - ful ring!  
Gold - en bells, chime on, chime on, Ye gold - en bells, chime on ; Chime, ye gold-en bells, chime on, O chime with tuneful ring !

Ring ! ring ! bring ! bring ! Greet-ings to our Sav-iour King!  
Mer - ry, mer - ry bells are ring - ing, Hap-py, hap - py voices bring-ing,

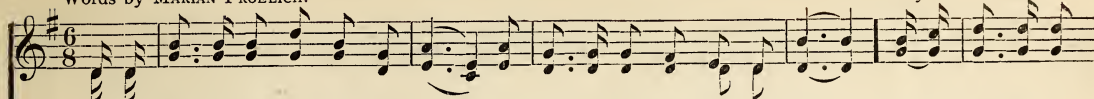


# The Cedars and the Pines.

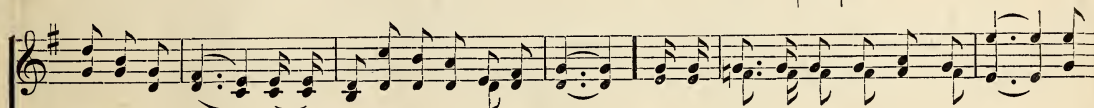
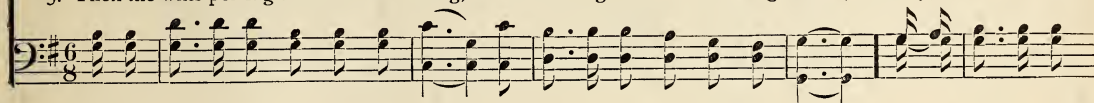
139

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

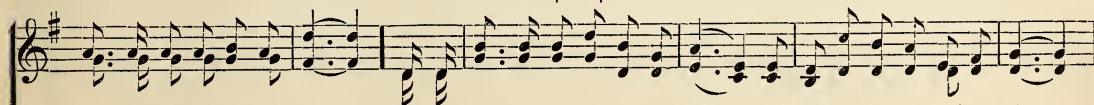
Music by G. FROELICH.



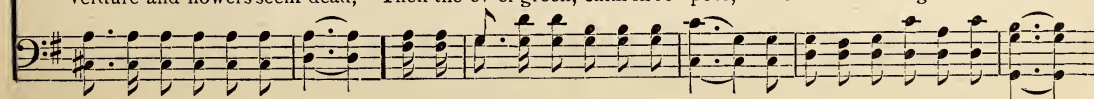
1. In the tops of the ce - dars and pines, A whis - per was heard sweet and low ; And each branch as it
2. They have heard that their branches so green, All laden with sil - ver and gold, To en - liv - en the
3. Then the whis - per - ing turns to a song, And catching the wel - com - ing cheer, They, . . too, for the



hears and in - clines, Shakes off its fair burden of snow. List! the whisper says, "Christmas is near ;" The  
fair - y - like scene Tinted can - dles abundant will hold. While their fruits far more precious and rare, Than  
Christmas - day long, And joy to leave forests so drear. As the eve of the year nears its close, When



pine and the cedar all know That they'll aid in the joy and the cheer ; For this day they flourish and grow.  
summer or autumn can bring Cause the children, so happy and fair, Their praises to shout and to sing.  
verdure and flowers seem dead, Then the ev - er - green, calm in re - pose, To Christmas and gladness is wed.



## The Cedars and the Pines.—CONCLUDED.

## CHORUS.

Then hail,..... all hail!..... The sceptre and throne of the day!.....  
 Then hail to the cedars, the ce-dar and pine, day, of the day!

And hol-ly and myr-tle en-twine..... Our al-tars and homes to make gay!  
 en-twine, en-twine,

## Kings of the Orient.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by ASA HULL.

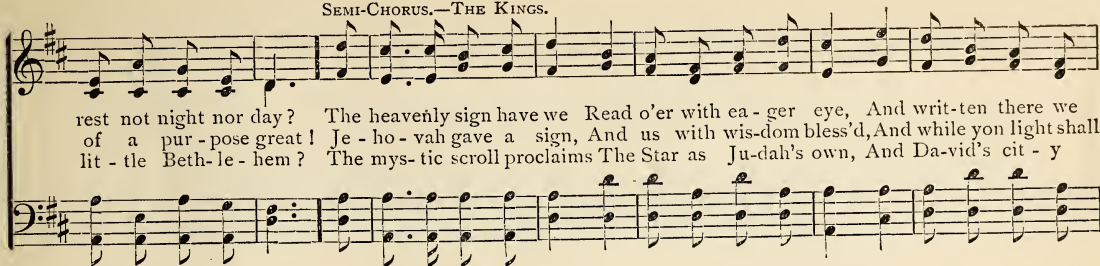
## SEMI-CHORUS.

1. O kings from Eastern shore, Why speed ye on your way? What have ye gained of lore, Ye  
 2. The trap-pings of your steeds, The splen-dor of your state, The Star that on-ward leads, Tell  
 3. Why bear ye in your hands, You gold and spice and gem? Why haste from dis-tant lands, T'ward

# Kings of the Orient.—CONCLUDED.

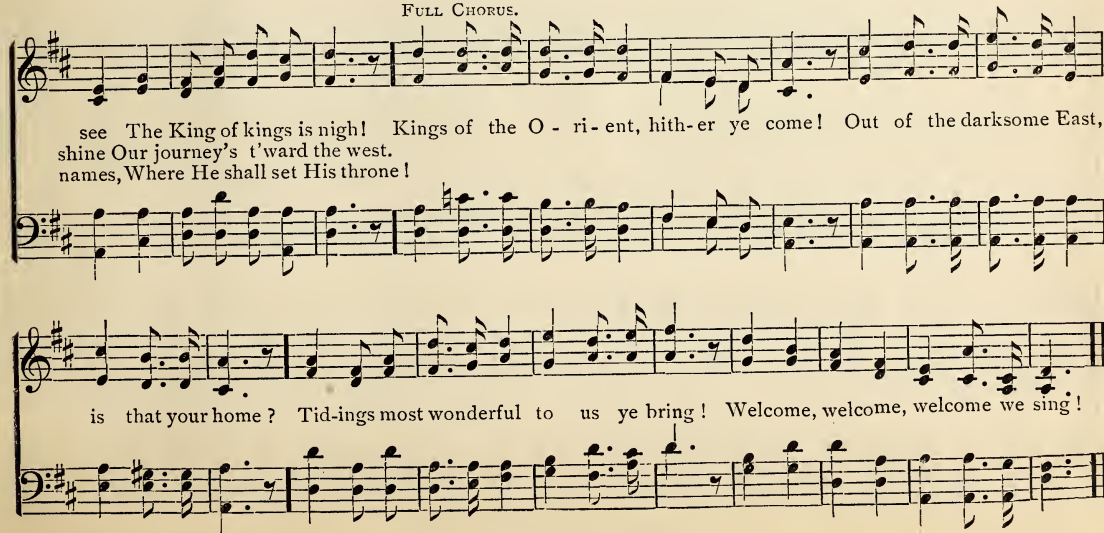
141

## SEMI-CHORUS.—THE KINGS.



rest not night nor day? The heavenly sign have we Read o'er with ea-ger eye, And writ-ten there we  
of a pur-pose great! Je-ho-vah gave a sign, And us with wis-dom bless'd, And while yon light shall  
lit-tle Beth-le-hem? The mys-tic scroll proclaims The Star as Ju-dah's own, And Da-vid's cit-y

## FULL CHORUS.



see The King of kings is nigh! Kings of the O-ri-ent, hith-er ye come! Out of the darksome East,  
shine Our journey's t'ward the west.  
names, Where He shall set His throne!

is that your home? Tid-ings most wonderful to us ye bring! Welcome, welcome, welcome we sing!

## The Child of Bethlehem.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Now to the Child of Beth-le-hem, And to the ho - ly night ; Of kings who came with  
 2. Sing of the mes - sage that they brought, The news of peace and joy ; Of where the faith - ful  
 3. Sing of the reign, that then be - gan, Of love in - stead of strife ; Of men reclaimed from

CHO. *Now to the Child, etc.*

*Fine.* SEMI-CHORUS.

many a gem, A joy - ous song in - dite ! Sing of the star that glad - ened then The  
 shep - herds sought The roy - al in - fant Boy ! Sing how they found His cra - dle - bed, His  
 er - ror's ban, And walk - ing in new life. All glo - ry be to God on high, Praise

D. C. FULL CHO.

wond'ring Ma - gi's sight ; And of de - scend - ing an - gels when Wide swung the gates of light !  
 low - ly na - tal place ; A gold - en ha - lo round His head, And beaming from His face !  
 Him for Je - sus' birth ! Ring out, O song ! o'er earth and sky, Peace and good-will on earth !



# Glad Tidings.

143

Words by W. BENNETT.

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. While shepherds on the eastern plain Were keeping faithful watch by night, Loud bursts the soul-in-spir-ing  
2. With wing-ed speed, the an-gel choir, De-scend-ing on their shining way, Struck with new theme the tuneful

## CHORUS.

strain, As Bethl'hem's star gleamed on their sight. Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God for re-  
lyre, And night was turn'd to bright'ning day.

demption's plan; Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God and good-will to man!  
to God! to God!

- 3 Glad tidings of great joy we bring,  
Good news to you and all mankind;  
In Bethlehem, lo! Christ your King,  
Laid in a manger you shall find.

- 4 Whilst list'ning to the rapt'rous song,  
New voices mingled in the strain,  
And suddenly the mighty throng,  
Caught up the thrilling, glad refrain.

## Christmas Morning.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

*Spirited.*

1. Glo-ry's kiss a - woke the morning, Which be-held the Sav-iour's birth, And with na-ture's ros - y  
2. Ol - ive, myr- tle, pine, and lau - rel, Weave in beauteous garlands fair; While our voic-es raise a

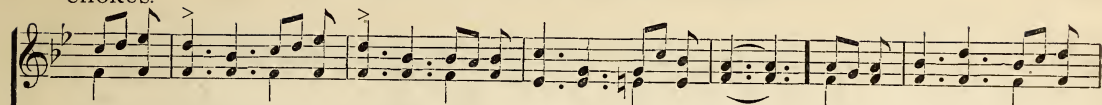
dawn-ing, Peace, good-will, was born on earth. Heav-en's door rolled wide a - sun - der, Thro' the  
cho - ral, Him our love and thanks to bear. But how poor the gifts we of - fer, Have we

gate of pearl and gem, An - gels thron'g'd to see this won-der, Earth held heaven's di - a - dem.  
ought to give but them? Yea, our hearts we humbly prof - fer, Make them now a Beth - le - hem.

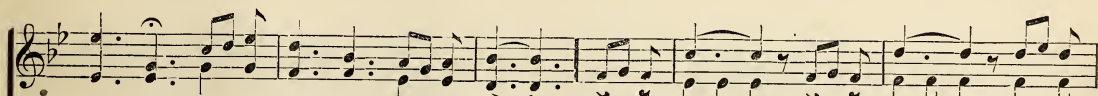
# Christmas Morning.—CONCLUDED.

145

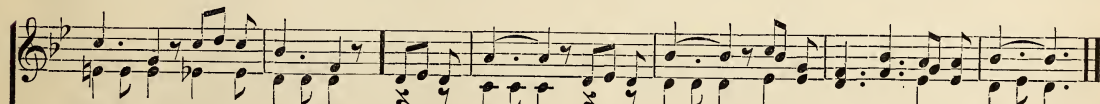
CHORUS.



Ring, O bells, your loudest, sweetest, And, ye chil-dren, shout with glee; Love the great-est, the com-



plet - est, Christmas gave to you and me. Ring, O bells,... Ring, O bells,... Ring your Christmas bells, Christmas bells, Ring your



loud - est, Ring your sweetest, Ring, O bells,... Ring, O bells,... Ring your sweetest Christmas bells!  
loudest bells, Ring your sweetest bells, Christmas bells, Christmas bells, bells, O ring!

## Welcome to Christmas.

Words by BIRDIE BELL.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Beau-ti-ful an - them the first Christmas awakened A - ges a - go o - ver Beth-le-hem's plain ;  
 2. Peerless the sing - ers, and wondrous their singing ; Glo - ri-ous theme : Lo, a Sav-iour is born !  
 3. Shall we not join in the loud, swelling cho - rus Sending the mes - sage from mountain to sea ;

Greet-ing the shep-herds with mag - i - cal ac - cents, Bringing de - liv-'rance from sin's deep stain.  
 Roy - al De - liv - 'rer, His prais-es are ring - ing, Hail-ing with joy the au - spi - cious morn !  
 Let fair - est Peace spread her dove-like wings o'er us, Mak - ing our hearts His fit home to be.

## CHORUS.

Ring out a wel - come to Christmas' fair morning, Her-ald its com-ing each fresh, youthful voice ;



Ring out a wel - come, a bright cheery wel - come! Christmas is dawn - ing, let earth re - joice!

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and festive, with lyrics written below the notes.

Folsom.

Music from MOZART.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us thine aid;  
2. Cold, on His cra - dle, the dew-drops are shin-ing; Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and festive, with lyrics written below the notes.

Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where the in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.  
An - gels a - dore Him, in slumbers re - clin-ing, — Ma - ker, and Mon - arch, and Sav - iour of all.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and festive, with lyrics written below the notes.

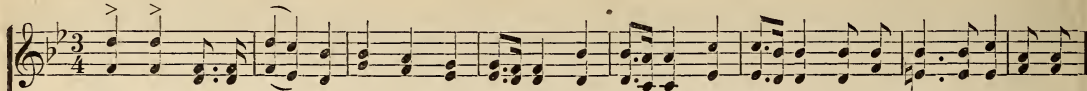
3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom and off'rings divine?  
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;  
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

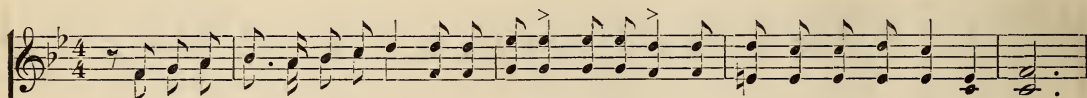
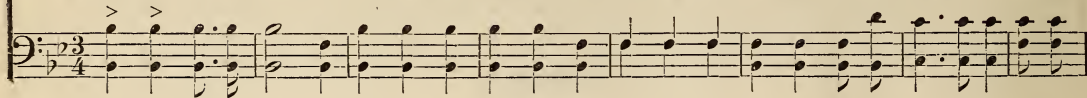
## The Herald Angels.

SOLO OR QUARTETTE. *Adagio.*

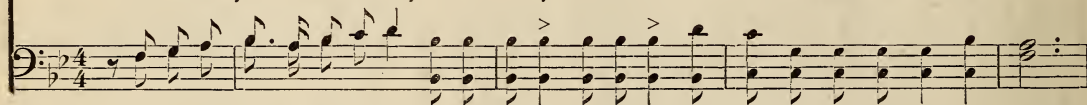
Music by ASA HULL.



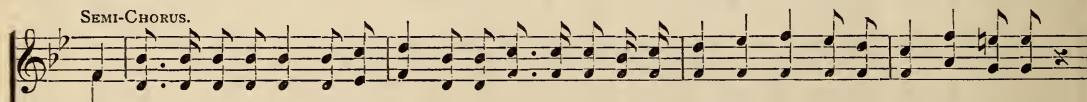
Fear not : for be - hold I bring you good tidings, good tid-ings, good tid-ings, which shall be to all people.



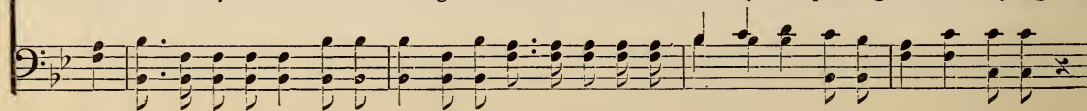
For un-to you is born this day in the cit - y of Da-vid, a Sav-iour, which is Christ the Lord.



SEMI-CHORUS.



And sud-den-ly there was with the an - gel a mul - ti-tude of the heav'nly host praising God and say-ing,



# The Herald Angels.—CONTINUED.

149

\* FULL CHORUS. *Allegro.*

*f* Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Glo-ry, glo-ry,

*f*

QUARTETTE. *Moderato.*

glo-ry to God in the high-est! 1. Peace on earth, good-will to man, Is Je-ho-vah's wondrous plan;  
2. Je-sus left His throne a-bove, Came to show the Fa-ther's love;

*f*

FULL CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Born of flesh God's on-ly Son, Thus on earth His reign be-gan. Glo-ry to God in the high-est!  
Joy-ful news the an-gel brings, He is born the King of kings!

*f*

\* If too long, omit first page, beginning with Full Chorus.

## The Herald Angels.—CONCLUDED.

Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God in the high-est!

## Hallowed Night.

Words by J. F. WARNER.

Music by ASA HULL.

DUET OR QUARTETTE.

1. Si - lent night! hal - low'd night! Land and deep si-lent sleep, Softly glitters bright Bethlehem's Star,  
 2. Si - lent night! hal - low'd night! On the plain wakes the strain, Sung by heavenly harbingers bright,  
 3. Si - lent night! hal - low'd night! Earth a-wake, si-lence break, High your chorus of melo-dy raise;

FULL CHORUS.

Beck'ning Is - ra-el's eye from a - far, Where the Saviour is born, Where the Sav-iour is born.  
 Fill'd with tidings of boundless delight, Jesus, the Saviour, has come, Jesus, the Sav-iour, has come.  
 Sing to heav-en in anthems of praise, Peace for-ev-er shall reign, Peace for-ev-er shall reign.

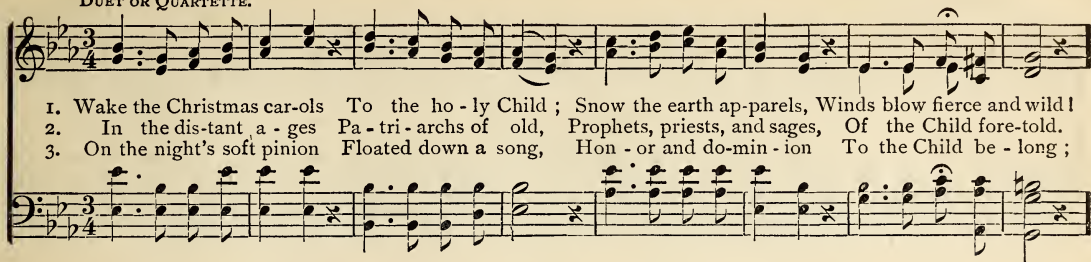


# Glory to Bethlehem.

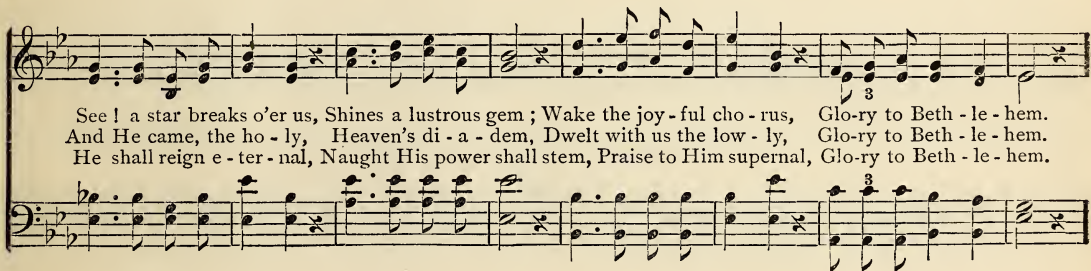
151

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.  
DUET OR QUARTETTE.

Music by LESTER MORSE.

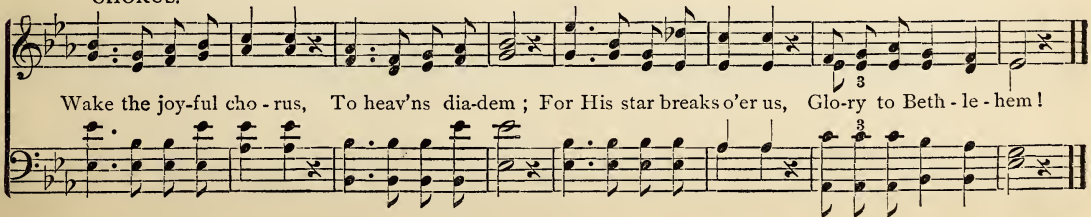


1. Wake the Christmas car-ols To the ho - ly Child ; Snow the earth ap-parels, Winds blow fierce and wild !  
2. In the dis-tant a - ges Pa - tri - archs of old, Prophets, priests, and sages, Of the Child fore-told.  
3. On the night's soft pinion Floated down a song, Hon - or and do-min - ion To the Child be - long ;



See ! a star breaks o'er us, Shines a lustrous gem ; Wake the joy - ful cho - rus, Glo-ry to Beth - le - hem.  
And He came, the ho - ly, Heaven's di - a - dem, Dwelt with us the low - ly, Glo-ry to Beth - le - hem.  
He shall reign e - ter - nal, Naught His power shall stem, Praise to Him supernal, Glo-ry to Beth - le - hem.

## CHORUS.



Wake the joy-ful cho - rus, To heav'ns dia-dem ; For His star breaks o'er us, Glo-ry to Beth - le - hem !

## Behold! I bring you Good Tidings.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

Be - hold ! I bring you good tidings, good tid-ings of great joy ! For un - to you is born this day a

Saviour, Christ the Lord. For un-to you is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord ! Is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord !  
For unto you is born... .. a Saviour, Christ the Lord !

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God in the high - est, on earth good-will to men ! Glo-ry to God in the highest, on earth good-will to

# Behold! I bring you Good Tidings.—CONCLUDED.

153

**SOLO.**

men, on earth good-will to men! Hark! to the sweet-toned echo that earth brings back again, that earth brings

**CHORUS.**

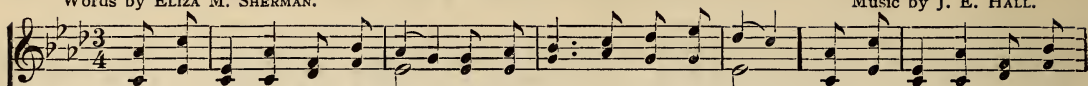
back, brings back a - gain, that earth brings back again, brings back a-gain! Glory to God in the highest, on

earth good-will to men! Glo-ry to God in the highest, on earth good-will to men, on earth good-will to men!

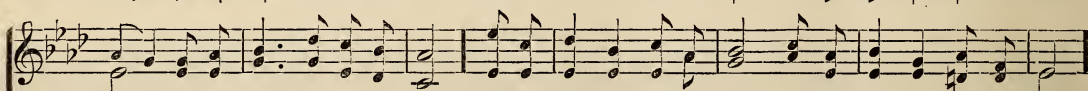
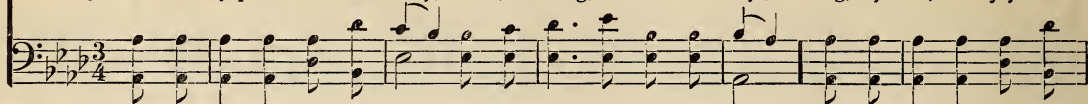
## Easter Offerings.

Words by ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

Music by J. E. HALL.

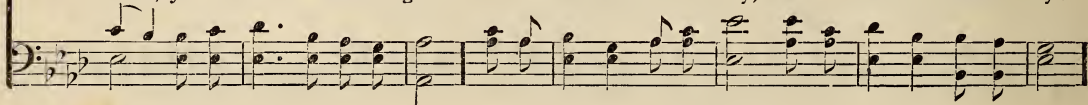


1. Ros - es bring and lil - ies sweet, Now to cast at Je - sus' feet; Ros - es for our of-f'ring  
 2. Car - ols sing, and sweetest praise Bring to Him these Eas - ter days; Gold - en gate, lift up your  
 3. Twine the cy-press, wreathe the bay, Christ, our King, a - rose to - day; Sing, my soul, in joy - ous



bring, Un-to Christ, our ris-en King.  
 head, Christ is ris - en from the dead.  
 strain, Je-sus died and rose a-gain.

Lilies, sweet as breath of May, For the res - ur - rec-tion day;  
 And the res - ur - rec-tion day, Floods the place where Jesus lay;  
 So we'll rise and live al - way, When shall dawn our Easter day:



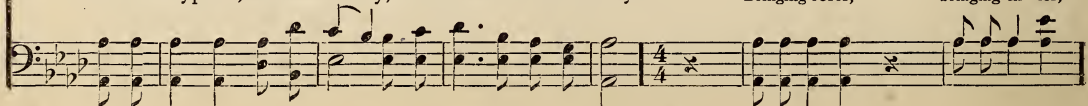
## CHORUS.



Ros-es bring and lil-ies sweet, Now to cast at Je-sus' feet. Bring-ing ros - es, bringing lil - ies,  
 Car-ols sing, and sweetest praise Bring to Him these Easter days.  
 Twine the cypress, wreathe the bay, Christ arose this Easter day.

Bringing roses,

bringing lil - ies,





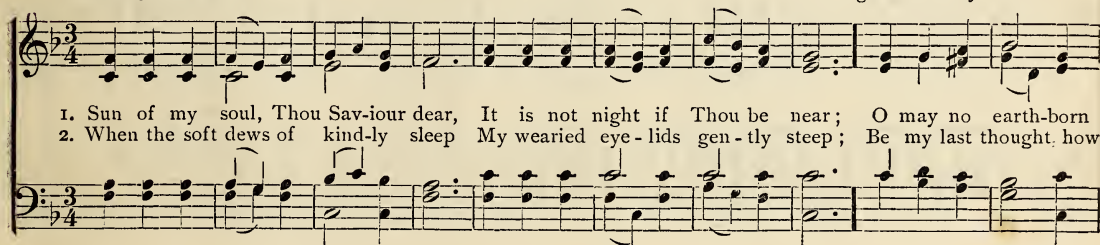


Now to cast at Je-sus' feet; Bringing ros - es, bringing lil - ies, Now to cast at Je - sus' feet.  
 Bringing roses, bringing lil-ies,

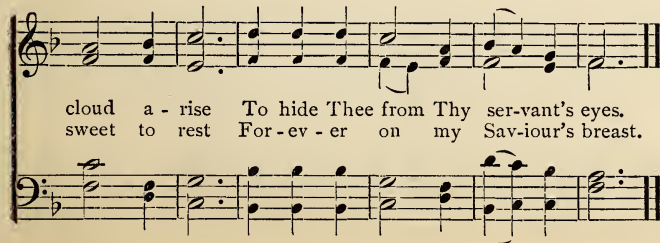
Hursley.

Words by J. KEBLE.

Arranged from F. J. HAYDN.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no earth-born  
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen-tly steep; Be my last thought, how



cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.  
 sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For without Thee I cannot live;  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without Thee I dare not die.

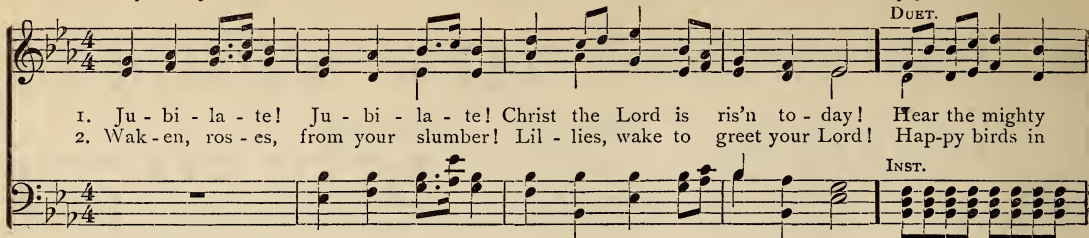
4 If some poor wandering child of Thine,  
 Have spurned to-day the voice divine—  
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

## Jubilate!

Words by Mrs. J. C. R. DORR.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

DUET.



1. Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te! Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day! Hear the mighty  
 2. Wak - en, ros - es, from your slumber! Lil - lies, wake to greet your Lord! Hap - py birds in

INST.

CHORUS.



cho - rus swelling O - ver land and o - ver sea! Riv - er un - to riv - er call - ing,  
 wildwood arches, Wake to sing in sweet ac - cord! Lift your voic - es, O ye ma - ples!

SOLO.



Moun - tain peak to dis - tant lea! Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te! Christ the Lord is  
 Sing a - loud, ye state - ly pines! Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te! Christ the Lord, etc.

INST.

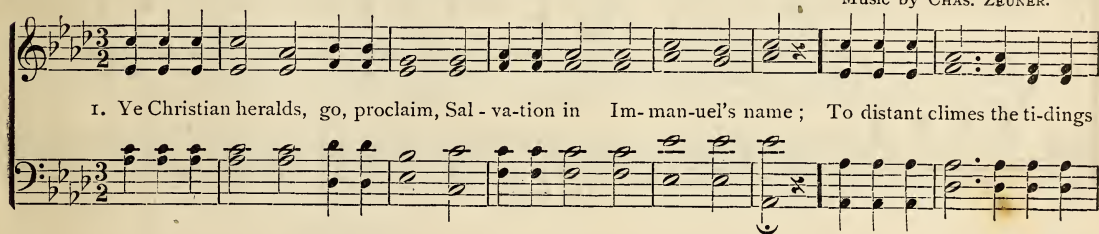
CHORUS.



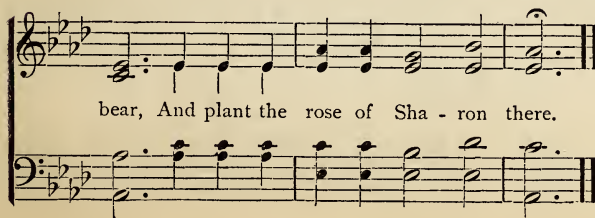
ris'n to - day! Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te! Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day!

Missionary Chant.

Music by CHAS. ZEUNER.



1. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim, Sal - va-tion in Im-man-uel's name; To distant climes the ti-dings



bear, And plant the rose of Sha - ron there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;  
Bid raging winds their furies cease,  
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors are all o'er,  
Then shall we meet to part no more,—  
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

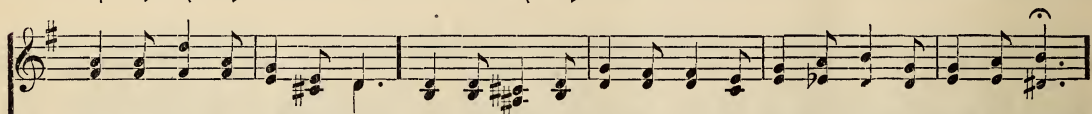
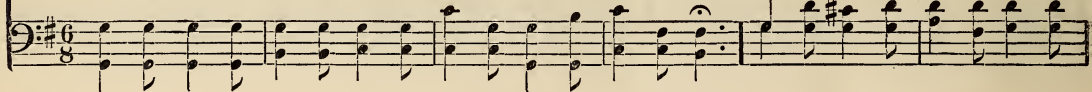
## Easter after Calvary.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

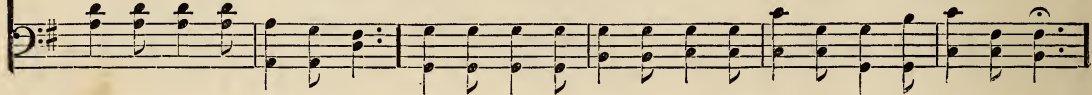
Music by G. FROELICH.



1. O'er the ho - ly cit - y slumb'ring Night her sable wings yet spread, But the hours their slow march numb ring,
2. From the hill of death and an-guish May we to the gar-den turn, There we see the suff'r'er languish,
3. Now no more are thorns His crowning, Glory sits up - on His brow, And re - vil-ing stripes and frowning,

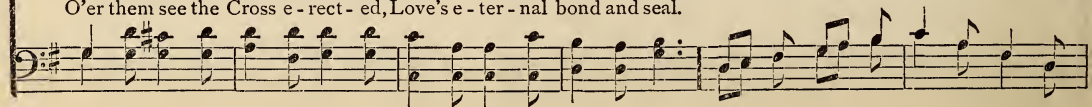


See the life a - mong the dead. Ser-aph hands turn'd back the portal, Oped the dark and rock-bound grave,  
 Here Je - ho-vah's pow'r we learn. There the sun in dark-ness hid - ing, Veiled her face be - fore that sight;  
 Per - ish in His tri-umph now. Death the King He has sub-ject - ed, Sa - tan lies be-neath His heel,



## CHORUS.

And the Vic - tor robed im-mor-tal, Stood revealed the world to save. Hail the Vic - tor! He has conquered,  
 Now as King of heav'n a - bid-ing, Dwells He as its sun and light.  
 O'er them see the Cross e - rect - ed, Love's e - ter - nal bond and seal.





Death is fet-tered, He is free; Res-ur-rec-tion aft-er dy-ing, Eas-ter aft-er Cal-va-ry.

## Goodwin.

Words by S. F. SMITH.

Music by G. J. WEBB.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are waking To pen-i-ten-tial tears;
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gentle shower, And brighter scenes before us Are opening every hour;
3. See heathen nations bending Before the God we love, And thousand hearts ascending In grat-i-tude a-bove:
4. Blest riv-er of sal-va-tion, Pursue thy onward way; Flow thou to every na-tion, Nor in thy richness stay:

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar, Of nations in com-mo-tion, Prepar'd for Zion's war.  
 Each cry to heaven go-ing, Abundant answers brings, And heavenly gales are blowing, With peace upon their wings.  
 While sin-ners, now confessing, The Gospel-call o-bey, And seek the Saviour's blessing, A nation in a day.  
 Stay not till all the low-ly Triumphant reach their home; Stay not till all the holy Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

## Glorious Resurrection.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

DUET OR QUARTETTE.

1. When the win-ter snow de-scend-ed, Children's thoughts with rapture tended T'ward the birthday of the Lord ;  
 2. But when spring comes softly breathing, Melts the ice, and flowers wreathing Gar-lands fair each bank and strand.  
 3. So while chimes their songs are pealing, Sing we with de - vo-tion's feel-ing, "Yea, the Lord is ris'n in-deed !"

And throughout the Christmas fest-al, Win-ter pure and snow of vest - al, Pleasures rich did oft af - ford.  
 Then we sing, "The Lord is ris - en, He has burst the rock-y pris-on!" East-er car - ols fill the land.  
 We with Him shall rise, death scorning, To an end - less East-er morning! Glo-rious res - ur - rec-tion creed.

REFRAIN.

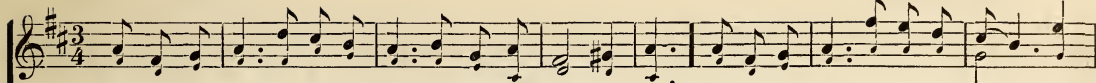
Hal-le-lu - jah ! ..... Hal-le-lu - jah ! ..... Christ is ris - en to set us free.  
 Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, Hal-le-lu - jah ! ris'n to set us free.

# He Lives Again.

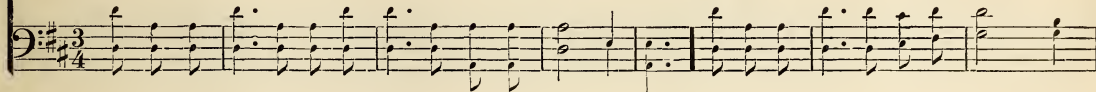
161

Words by M. A. SMITH.

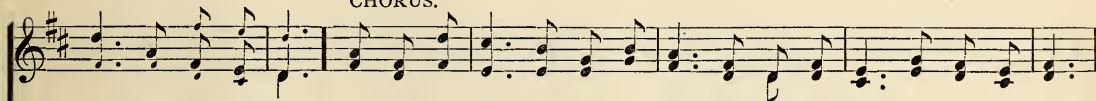
Music by ASA HULL.



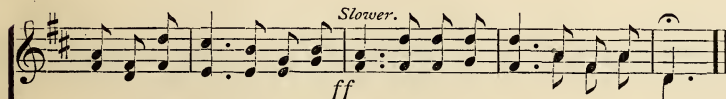
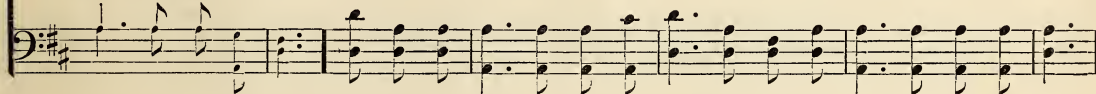
1. Come, let us with u-nit-ed voice Join in our East-er song; The Lord is ris'n, let earth re-joice! The  
2. Pass'd from the toil and ag-o - ny, Pass'd from the grave's cold rest, Pass'd thro' the portals of the tomb To



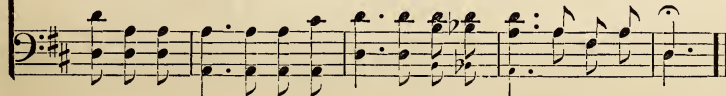
## CHORUS.



joy - ful notes pro-long! We'll sing in loud and joy-ous strain, "The Lord is ris'n, He lives a - gain!"  
God, His Father's breast.



Heav'n echoes back the glad refrain, "The Lord is ris'n, He lives again!"



- 3 No longer can the gloomy grave  
Hold our redeeming Lord,  
He conquered death, and lives again  
According to His word.

- 4 For evermore His ransomed ones  
Exultingly shall sing:  
O grave, where is thy victory?  
And death, where is thy sting?

## He is Risen To-day.

*Allegro, Maestoso.*

Music by ASA HULL.

He is ris-en! hal-le-lu-jah! He is ris-en to-day! He has burst His rock-bound prison,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Triumphed glorious-ly! Heard ye not the an-gels say, He is not here: Come and see! For

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

He is ris-en, ris-en, ris-en, and gone in-to Gal-i-lee! Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!

The third system of musical notation, concluding the piece. It features a repeat sign over the first part of the system. The lyrics are written below the staves.



# He is Risen To-day.—CONCLUDED.

163

*Fine.*

hal - le-lu-jah! Come and see! Hal - le-lu-jah! hal - le-lu-jah! He hath triumphed glorious-ly!

*Andante.*

Where, O grave, is now thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry? and, death, where is thy sting?

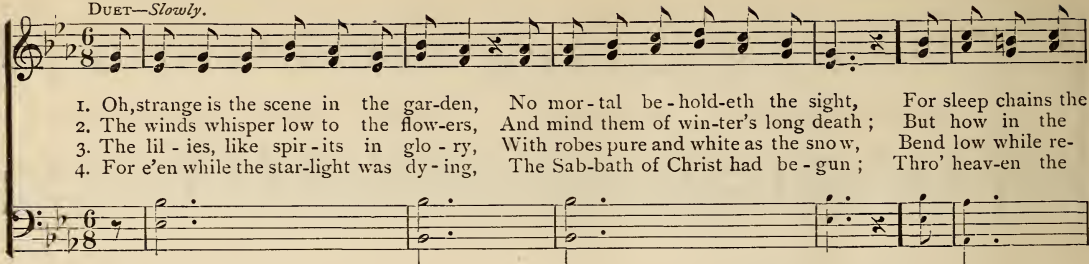
*Very slow.* *D. C.*

O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry? and death, where is thy sting? For

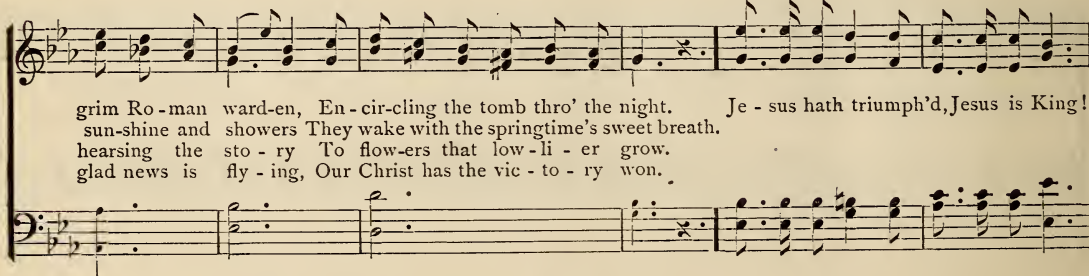
## Victory, Victory Sing.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

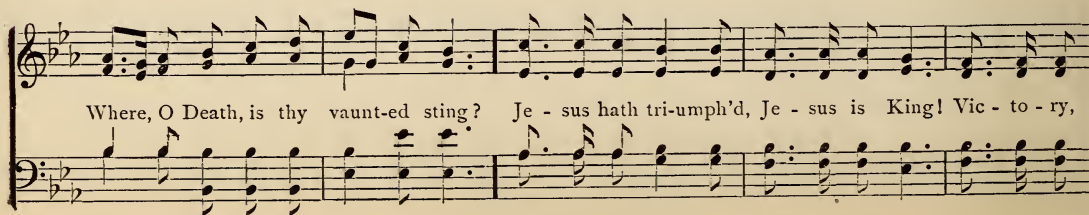
Music by G. FROELICH.

DUET—*Slowly.*


1. Oh, strange is the scene in the gar-den, No mor-tal be-hold-eth the sight, For sleep chains the  
 2. The winds whisper low to the flow-ers, And mind them of win-ter's long death; But how in the  
 3. The lil-ies, like spir-its in glo-ry, With robes pure and white as the snow, Bend low while re-  
 4. For e'en while the star-light was dy-ing, The Sab-bath of Christ had be-gun; Thro' heav-en the

CHORUS. *With Spirit.*


grim Ro-man ward-en, En-cir-cling the tomb thro' the night. Je-sus hath triumph'd, Jesus is King!  
 sun-shine and showers They wake with the springtime's sweet breath.  
 hearing the sto-ry To flow-ers that low-li-er grow.  
 glad news is fly-ing, Our Christ has the vic-to-ry won.



Where, O Death, is thy vaunt-ed sting? Je-sus hath triumph'd, Je-sus is King! Vic-to-ry,

vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry sing! Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry,

vic - to - ry! Je - sus hath tri-umph'd, Je - sus is King! Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry sing!

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of two systems. The first system has two lines of lyrics. The second system also has two lines of lyrics. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are repeat signs at the end of the first line of the second system.

Christ is Risen To-day.

Words by CHAS. WESLEY.

Music by CHAS. ZEUNER.

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, Sons of men and angels say: Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns,—and earth, reply.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a single line of lyrics. The music includes various note values and rests, with a repeat sign at the end.

- |                                   |  |                                      |
|-----------------------------------|--|--------------------------------------|
| 2 Love's redeeming work is done,— | 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; | 4 Lives again our glorious King;     |
| Fought the fight, the battle won; | Christ has burst the gates of hell:    | Where, O death, is now thy sting?    |
| Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;    | Death in vain forbids His rise;        | Once He died our souls to save;      |
| Lo! he sets in blood no more.     | Christ hath opened Paradise.           | Where's thy vic'try, boasting grave? |

## Glad Easter Morn.

Words by MATTIE CHILDS.

Music by ASA HULL.

*Moderato.*

1. Wel - come, sweet dawning of the morn, That saw our Sav - iour rise ; Wel - come the glo - rious,  
 2. We'll join with an - gels in their song, Loud hal - le - lu - jahs sing ; Come one and all His  
 3. Sing vic - t'ry, vic - t'ry o - ver death, Our worst and lat - est foe ; Our lov - ing Sav - iour

sa - cred light, That burst yon east - ern skies. Se - rene and calm at ear - ly dawn, While  
 praise pro - long, Till heav'n with ech - oes ring. We mag - ni - fy a ris - en Lord, Tho'  
 broke the bars, That He His pow'r might show. List ! ye redeemed ones, hear the words, And

na - ture breath'd re - pose, Ere Ma - ry sought that lone - ly tomb, Our dear Re - deem - er rose.  
 once for sin - ners slain, He bore our sor - rows and our cares, Yet lives in heav'n a - gain.  
 cease, ye weep - ing eyes ; First, on the re - sur - rec - tion morn, The dead in Christ shall rise.



# Glad Easter Morn—CONCLUDED.

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## REFRAIN.

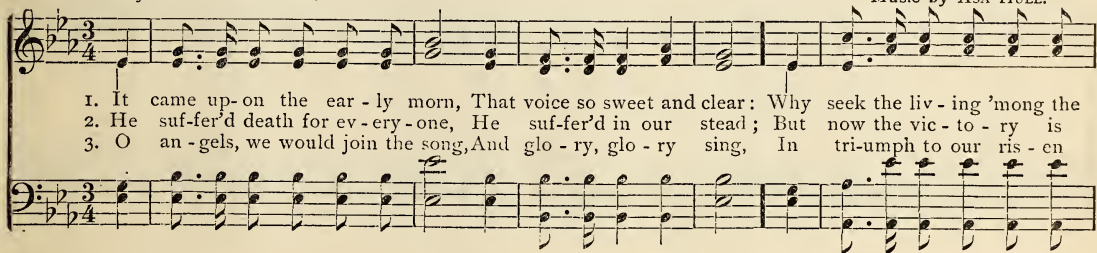


He rose,..... He rose, He rose!.... Tri-umph-ant o'er His foes!  
He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose!

## The Lord Arose.

Words by ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

Music by ASA HULL.



1. It came up-on the ear-ly morn, That voice so sweet and clear: Why seek the liv-ing 'mong the  
2. He suf-fer'd death for ev-ery-one, He suf-fer'd in our stead; But now the vic-to-ry is  
3. O an-gels, we would join the song, And glo-ry, glo-ry sing, In tri-umph to our ris-en

## REFRAIN.



dead? The Saviour is not here! "The Lord is ris'n," the an-gels say, The Lord a-rose this Eas-ter Day!  
won, He's ris-en from the dead.  
Lord, Our Saviour and our King!

## The Battle March.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

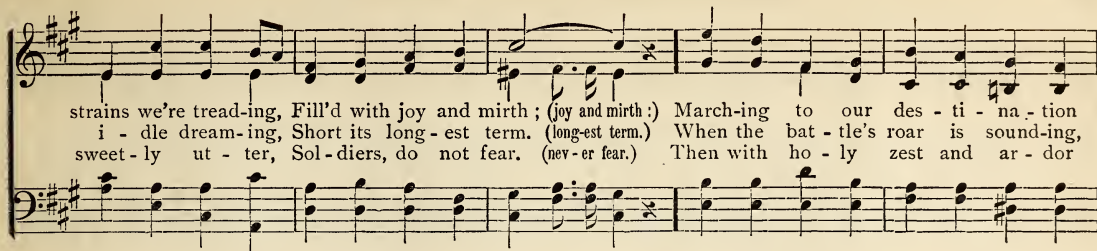
CHORUS.—Proud - ly our banners are flutt'ring in the breeze, Loudly sounds the trumpet's call!  
Proudly our ban - ners are

Joy - - ous - ly float - ing, as - cend our mer-ry glees, In - to march-ing or - der fall!  
Joy - ous - ly float - - ing as - cend

1. Bright the arch of heav'n is spread-ing O'er the love-ly ver - nal earth, While to mar - tial  
2. Gold inscribed our mot - toes gleaming, Tell of ear - nest pur - pose, firm; Life is more than  
3. O'er our ar - my, white wings flut-ter, Guard-ian an - gel forms are near; Words of cheer they

# The Battle March.—CONCLUDED.

169



strains we're tread-ing, Fill'd with joy and mirth; (joy and mirth :) March-ing to our des - ti - na - tion  
i - dle dream-ing, Short its long - est term. (long-est term.) When the bat - tle's roar is sound-ing,  
sweet - ly ut - ter, Sol - diers, do not fear. (nev - er fear.) Then with ho - ly zest and ar - dor

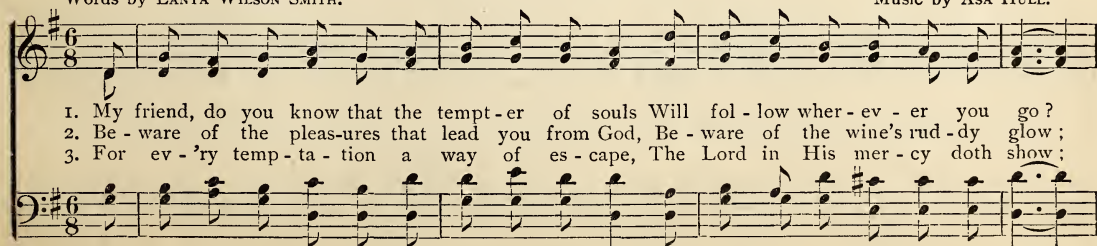


Be it peace or strife, (peace or strife,) With the Cap-tain of sal - va - tion Guid-ing us thro' life.  
Like a rag - ing sea, (rag - ing sea,) May our hearts with courage bounding Strike, O Lord, for Thee.  
We for truth will fight, (we will fight,) Till we hear the "Come up high-er," En - ter in - to light!

## Dare to say No!

Words by LANTA WILSON SMITH.

Music by ASA HULL.



1. My friend, do you know that the tempt-er of souls Will fol - low wher - ev - er you go?  
2. Be - ware of the pleas-ures that lead you from God, Be - ware of the wine's rud - dy glow;  
3. For ev - 'ry temp - ta - tion a way of es - cape, The Lord in His mer - cy doth show;

## Dare to say No!—CONCLUDED.

With art - ful de - ceit he will urge you to sin, Stand firm - ly, and dare to say no!  
 Tho' of - fered by those you have trust - ed and loved, Stand firm - ly, and dare to say no!  
 He'll give you the strength to o - bey His com - mand; If sin - ners en - tice thee, say "No!"

REFRAIN.

Dare to say no!..... dare to say no!..... Wheth - er the tempt - er be  
 Dare to say no! dare to say no!

*Slow.*

friend or foe, Stand firmly, and dare to say no!..... Dare to say no!.....  
 Dare to say no!.....



# Ring the Joy-bells.

171

Words by Mrs. E. C. WEBSTER.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. There's intemp'rance in our land, Flowing wave on wave ; Light the beacon, lend a hand, Haste our friends to save.  
 2. Wrecks are drifting on the flood, Roll the breakers high, Launch the life-boats, trust in God, Strength divine is nigh.  
 3. An-gels, list! our joy, oh! hear, Tune your harps a-new, For our hearts are fill'd with cheer, As the work we view.

## CHORUS.

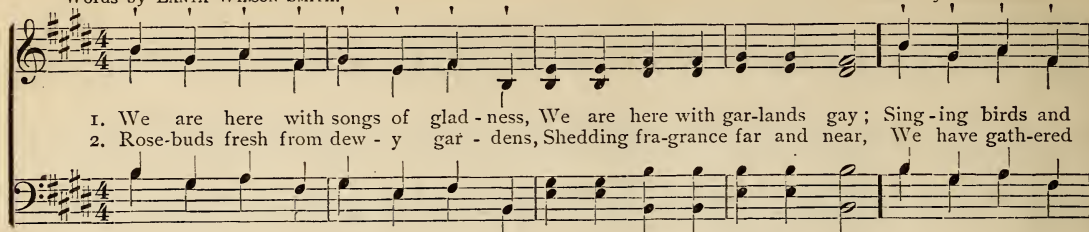
Ring the joy-bells! ring the joy - bells! Now the temp'rance pledge to sign : Ring the  
 Ring, ring, ring! ring, ring, ring! ring, ring!

joy - bells! ring the joy-bells! " We'll not taste the ru - by wine, We'll not taste the ru - by wine."  
 Ring, ring, ring! ring, ring, ring!

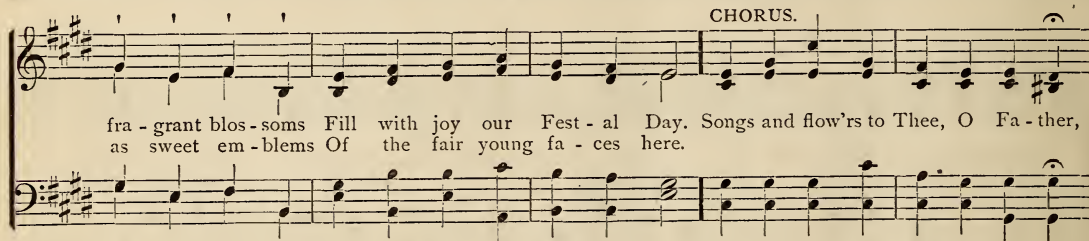
## Greeting—Songs and Flowers.

Words by LANTA WILSON SMITH.

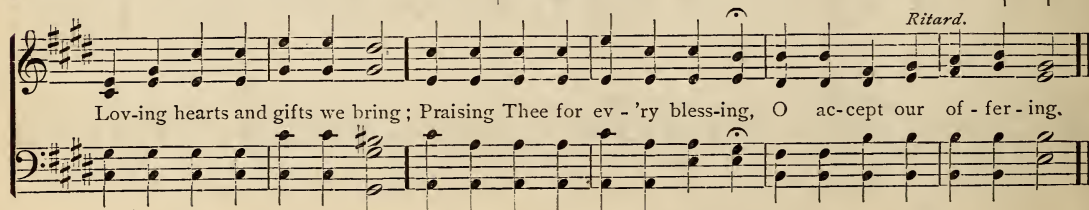
Music by ASA HULL.



1. We are here with songs of glad-ness, We are here with gar-lands gay; Sing-ing birds and  
 2. Rose-buds fresh from dew - y gar - dens, Shedding fra-grance far and near, We have gath-ered



CHORUS.  
 fra - grant blos - soms Fill with joy our Fest - al Day. Songs and flow'rs to Thee, O Fa - ther,  
 as sweet em - blems Of the fair young fa - ces here.



*Ritard.*  
 Lov-ing hearts and gifts we bring; Praising Thee for ev - 'ry bless-ing, O ac-cept our of - fer-ing.

- 3 And these lilies white as snow-wreaths,  
 From all stain and blemish free,  
 Have to-day a tender meaning,  
 Childhood's grace and purity.—*Chorus.*

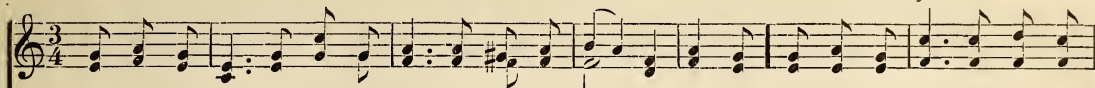
- 4 Evergreens and dainty mosses,  
 That outlive the winter's blast,  
 'Mind us of the souls immortal,  
 Which live on when life is past.—*Chorus.*

# God of the Seasons.

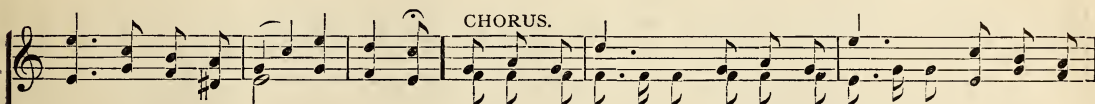
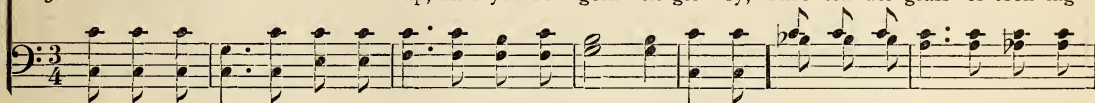
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Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

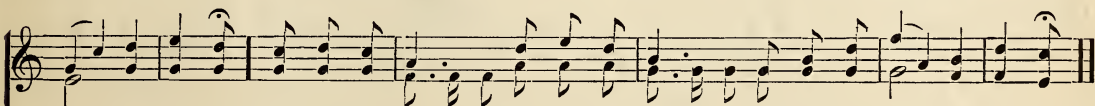
Music by G. FROELICH.



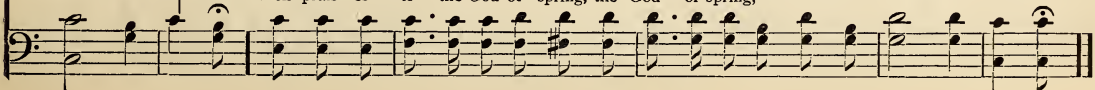
1. The God of sea - sons mov'd the wheel, And spring's sweet touch enliv'ning, Made flowers, in - sects, bird - lings
2. The blue - bell nods its sleep - y head, And greets the pale wind - flow - er, While vi - o - let springs from its
3. The cro - cus and the but - ter - cup, Ar - rayed in gold - en glo - ry, Thro' ten - der grass - es look - ing



feel The charm of her re - viv - ing. The whole cre - a - - tion glad - ly sings, And from the  
bed, Waked by a dew - drop show - er.  
up, List to the bird's love - sto - ry. The whole cre - a - tion glad - ly sings, yes, glad - ly sings,



heart of child - hood Well prais - es to the God of spring, The God of field and wild - wood,  
Well prais - es to the God of spring, the God of spring,



## Welcome Greeting.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.

1. Sum-mer time has come a - gain, With its birds and flow'rs; Earth is still more beau - ti - ful  
 2. As re- turns this fes - tal day, With its ho - ly cheer, Myr - iad voi - ces swell the song,  
 3. Joy and glad-ness reign su - preme; Nat - ure fresh and gay, Put - ting on her fair - est robe,

## QUARTETTE.

For its sun - ny hours; God has kind - ly led us on Safe - ly through an - oth - er year,  
 Ring - ing loud and clear; East and West, and North and South, Hail this day with one ac - cord,  
 Hon - ors Chil - dren's Day; God well - pleased looks down in love, Smil - ing on us gath - er'd here;

## CHORUS.

Now we in a glad re - frain Greet our kin - dred here : Wel - come ! Welcome ! Welcome to our  
 Cel - e - brate the glad re - turn, With its sweet re - ward !  
 Je - sus watching from His throne, Lends a list - ning ear.



# Welcome Greeting.—CONCLUDED.

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Sab-bath home! Wel-come! Wel-come! Wel-come to our Sab-bath home! Our Sabbath home!.....  
Our Sab-bath

.... Our Sab-bath home!..... rit, ff We bid you wel-come to ff Our Sab-bath home! Slow.

Dennis.

Words by JOHN FAWCETT.

Arranged from NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.

2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

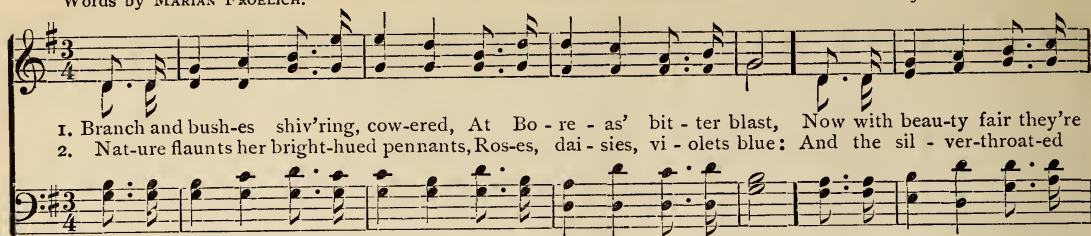
3 We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

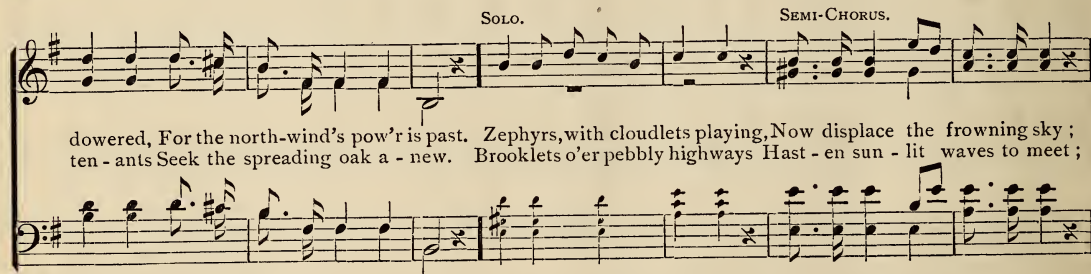
## Nature's God, Creator Wise.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

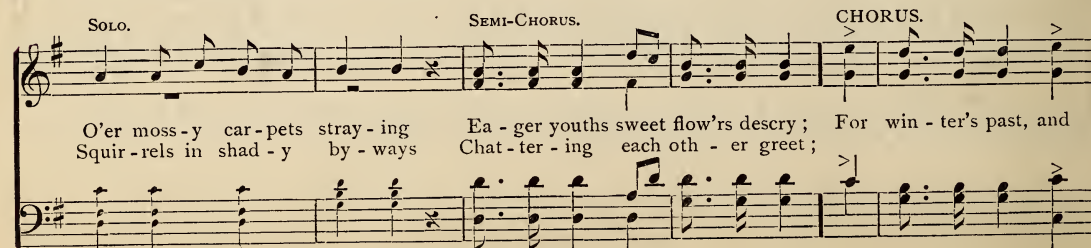


1. Branch and bush-es shiv'ring, cow-ered, At Bo-re-as' bit-ter blast, Now with beau-ty fair they're  
2. Nat-ure flaunts her bright-hued pennants, Ros-es, dai-sies, vi-olets blue: And the sil-ver-throat-ed



SOLO. SEMI-CHORUS.

dowered, For the north-wind's pow'r is past. Zephyrs, with cloudlets playing, Now displace the frowning sky;  
ten-ants Seek the spreading oak a-new. Brooklets o'er pebbly highways Hast-en sun-lit waves to meet;



SOLO. SEMI-CHORUS. CHORUS.

O'er moss-y car-pets stray-ing Ea-ger youths sweet flow'rs describ; For win-ter's past, and  
Squir-rels in shad-y by-ways Chat-ter-ing each oth-er greet;

joy is high, All nat - ure now re - joic - es! Na - ture's God, to Thee our prais - es rise, Cre -

a - tor wise of earth and skies! Ev - 'ry sea - son as it hast - ning flies, Thy pow'r but tes - ti - fies.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The lyrics are written below the Treble staff.

## Rock of Ages.

Words by TOPLADY.

Music by Dr. T. HASTINGS.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 3/4 time. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The lyrics are written below the Treble staff. The score includes a 'Fine.' marking and a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) instruction at the end.

- |   |   |   |  |   |   |
|---|---|---|--|---|---|
| 1 | Rock of Ages, cleft for me,<br>Let me hide myself in Thee;<br>Let the water and the blood,<br>From Thy wounded side which flow'd,<br>Be of sin the double cure,<br>Save from wrath, and make me pure. | 2 | Could my tears for ever flow,<br>Could my zeal no languor know,<br>These for sin could not atone:<br>Thou must save, and Thou alone:<br>In my hand no price I bring;<br>Simply to Thy cross I cling. | 3 | While I draw this fleeting breath,<br>When my eyes shall close in death,<br>When I rise to worlds unknown,<br>And behold Thee on Thy throne,—<br>Rock of Ages, cleft for me,<br>Let me hide myself in Thee. |
|---|---|---|--|---|---|

## Giving, yet Receiving.

Words by PRISCILIA J. OWENS.

Music by ASA HULL.

SOLO, OR UNISON.

1. Count-ing your treasure God's bounty to meas-ure,      Give, and the gift shall but add to thy store ;  
 2. Lov - ing and liv - ing en - rich thee by giv - ing,      God will be with thee to bless thee the more ;  
 3. Un - der His guid-ing, bread grows by di - vid - ing,      "Mine is all thine," can we ask Him for more ?

Full - ness be - stow-ing from love o - ver-flow-ing ;      Thus does He give when His chil - dren im-plore.  
 Works thro' thy la - bors, re - liev-ing thy neigh-bors ;      Gives by thy hand, to re - plen - ish thy store.  
 Shar-ing His splendor, our-selves we sur - ren - der ;      He'll not with-hold when His chil-dren im-plore.

CHORUS.

Good measure, good measure, pressed down, running o - ver,      Give for God's cause, and to you shall be given ;



Good measure, good measure, pressed down, running o-ver; Thus will you lay up your treas-ure in heav'n.

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

*Adagio e Legato.*

# Heav'n is my Home.

Arranged for this work.

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home;  
 2. What tho' the tempest rage? Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home;  
 3. Peace! O my troubled soul, Heav'n is my home; I soon shall reach the goal; Heav'n is my home;  
 4. There, at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo-ri-fied; Heav'n is my home;

Danger and sor-row stand Round me on ev'ry hand; Heav'n is my fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my home.  
 Time's cold and wintry blast Soon will be o-ver-past; I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home.  
 Swift-ly the race I'll run, Yield up my crown to none; For-ward! the prize is won; Heav'n is my home.  
 There are the good and blest, Those I lov'd most and best; There, too, I soon shall rest; Heav'n is my home.

The musical score is arranged for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice, and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes dynamic markings such as *mp* (mezzo-piano), *p* (piano), and *r* (ritardando). The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## Springtime.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. Spring's blithesome steps again have strayed To childhood's happy land; The blust'ring winter winds are stayed, Spring  
 2. The birds from southern climes return, And seek their northern home; And birdlings chirping anthems learn, That  
 3. The fountains flash pris-mat-ic spray; The streamlets leap and dance As on they go o'er peb-bly way; The  
 4. Bright laughter freights the balmy air, And songs rise clear and sweet, While marching hosts of children fair, Throng

waves her magic wand; She weaves her fair enchanting spell In beau-ty ev'-ry-where, And nature's myr-iad  
 fill the forest dome. The tim-id flow'rets lift their heads, They see the cloudless sky, While roses from their  
 tides recede, advance; Creation moves with impulse new; A-mid the sunbeam's play The sky looks down se-  
 now the sunlit street. Wave, leaf-crowned branches of the trees O'er our triumphal way; All nature, join our

## CHORUS.

voi - ces tell The God of sea-son's care. } All na-ture, join our cheer-ful song, And bear, ye  
 moss - y beds Au - ro - ra's col - ors vie.  
 rene and blue, On An - ni - ver - s'ry Day.  
 hap - py glees, 'Tis An - ni - ver - s'ry Day. }

join our song, cheer-ful song,

winds, the strain a-long! Stirred by a soft and gen-tle breeze Wave leaf and branch, and loft-y trees.  
 bear, ye winds, by a soft

The Great Physician.

Rev. J. H. Stockton. Arr'd.  
 CHORUS.

I. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus ; } Sweetest note of  
 { He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, O, hear the voice of Je - sus. }

ser-aph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue, Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven, O, hear the voice of Jesus ;  
 Go on your way in peace to heaven,  
 And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb !  
 I now believe in Jesus ;  
 I love the blessed Saviour's name,  
 I love the name of Jesus.
- 4 And when to that bright world above,  
 We rise to see our Jesus,  
 We'll sing around the throne of love  
 His name, the name of Jesus.

## Be Joyful To-day.

Words by W. BENNETT.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Come, let us be joy-ful to-day, Joy-ful to-day, joy-ful to-day! Press on in the straight, narrow  
 2. We sing of a glo-ri-ous crown, Glo-ri-ous crown, glo-ri-ous crown; And think of the cross-es laid  
 3. Then let us be joy-ful to-day, Joy-ful to-day, joy-ful to-day! From Je-sus we nev-er will

way, To gain the blest mansions a - bove! Our trib-ute of praises we bring, His marv'lous perfection we sing,  
 down When ent'ring the heavenly dome. We look for a cit-y that's fair, Where mel-o-dy floats on the air,  
 stray, But on His sure promise re-ly; And when all our conflicts are o'er, We'll join with our friends gone before,

CHORUS.—Repeat *pp ad lib.*  
 Re-joicing in Je-sus our King, Ex-alt-ing His measureless love! Joy-ful to-day, joy-ful to-day,  
 With an-gels to meet us up there, And Je-sus to welcome us home.  
 And sing on the beautiful shore, Where hap-piness nev-er will die.



Let us be joy-ful to - day! . . . . Joy-ful to-day, joy-ful to-day, Let us be joy-ful to - day! . . . .  
be joy-ful to-day! be joy-ful to-day!

## Martyn.

Words by C. WESLEY.

*Andante.*

Music by S. B. MARSH.

*Fine.*

*D. C.*

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, } { Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, }  
{ While the near-er wa - ters roll While the tem-pest still is high ; } { Till the storm of life is past ; }  
D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.

2.

Other refuge have I none ;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :  
Leave, O leave me not alone ;  
Still support and comfort me :  
All my trust on Thee is stay'd ;  
All my hope on Thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want :  
More than all in Thee I find :  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name :  
I am all unrighteousness ;  
False, and full of sin I am ;  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin :  
Let the healing streams abound ;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art ;  
Freely let me take of Thee :  
Spring Thou up within my heart :  
Rise to all eternity.

## Our Festival Day.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. The star-eyed dai-sies dot the ground, And blue-bells deck the way ; And changing seasons circling round Have  
 2. The lil - y of the val-ley, too, Chimes in the flow - er song ; The vi - o - let, so sweet and true, Sings  
 3. The bees flit o'er the clov-er's bloom, And sip the hon - ey sweet ; The li-lacs bend their od'rous plumes Sweet  
 4. To Thee who fashioned ev-'ry flow'r, We sing our cheerful lay ; On us Thy smile of blessings show'r, This

## CHORUS.

brought us Children's Day.  
 win - ter's pow'r is gone.  
 Flo - ra's step to greet.  
 spring-time Fes - tal Day.

A - gain we come.... to greet thee, our Fes - tal Day !....  
 a - gain we come, we come, Fes - tal Day !

A - gain..... we come..... to wel - come thy charm-ing sway ;..... A - gain..... we  
 a - gain we come, we come, charming sway ; a - gain we

# Our Festal Day.—CONCLUDED.

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sing, . . . we sing our cheerful lay ! . . . And praise the Lord who made the flow'rs That gladden us to-day !  
 sing, we sing, cheerful lay !

## Henley.

Music by Dr. L. MASON.

1. Come un - to Me when shad-ows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad heart is wea - ry and dis-tressed,  
 2. Ye who have mourn'd when the spring flow'rs were taken, When the ripe fruit fell rich - ly to the ground,

Seek - ing for com - fort from your heav'nly Fa - ther, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest.  
 When the lov'd slept, in bright-er homes to wak - en, Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crown'd.

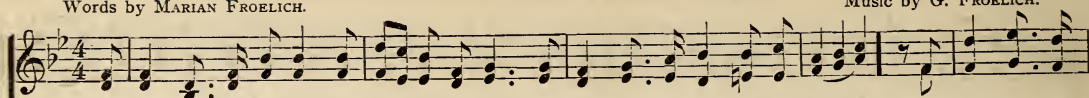
3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling ;  
 Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim ;  
 Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling ;  
 Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,  
 Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely press'd ;  
 Come, unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,  
 Come unto Me, and I will give you rest !

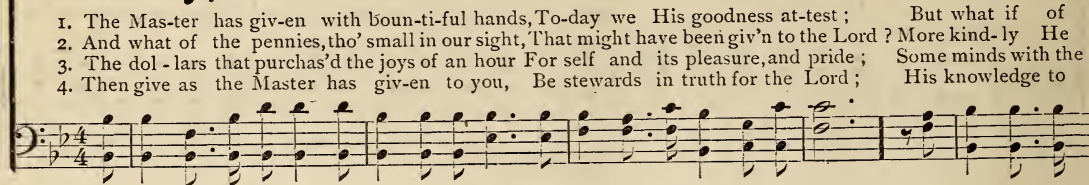
## Give with Willing Heart.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.


Music by G. FROELICH.



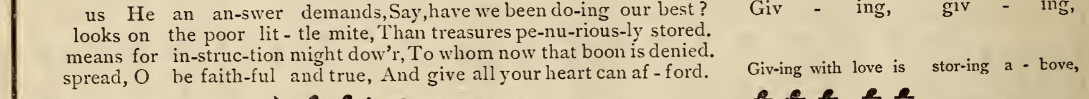
1. The Mas-ter has giv-en with boun-ti-ful hands, To-day we His goodness at-test ; But what if of  
 2. And what of the pennies, tho' small in our sight, That might have been giv'n to the Lord ? More kind-ly He  
 3. The dol-lars that purchas'd the joys of an hour For self and its pleasure, and pride ; Some minds with the  
 4. Then give as the Master has giv-en to you, Be stewards in truth for the Lord ; His knowledge to



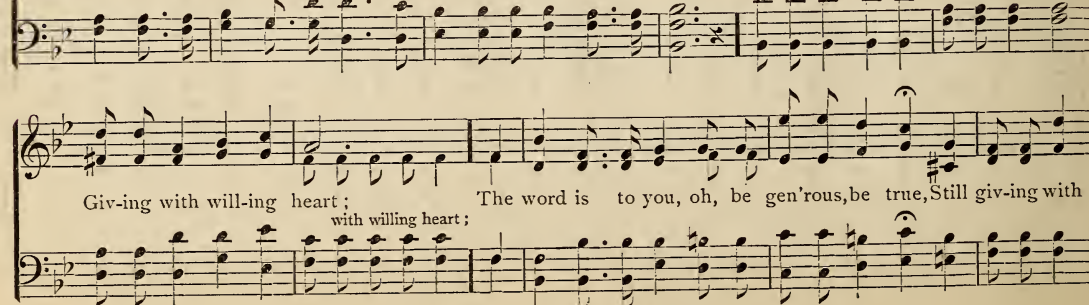
## CHORUS.



us He an an-swer demands, Say, have we been do-ing our best ? Giv - ing, giv - ing,  
 looks on the poor lit-tle mite, Than treasures pe-nu-riously stored.  
 means for in-struc-tion might dow'r, To whom now that boon is denied.  
 spread, O be faith-ful and true, And give all your heart can af-ford. Giv-ing with love is stor-ing a - bove,



Giv-ing with will-ing heart ; The word is to you, oh, be gen'rous, be true, Still giv-ing with  
 with willing heart ;





# Give with Willing Heart.—CONCLUDED.

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will-ing heart. Giving with love, stor-ing a-bove, Giv-ing with will-ing heart. rit. with will-ing heart.

## Mizpah.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

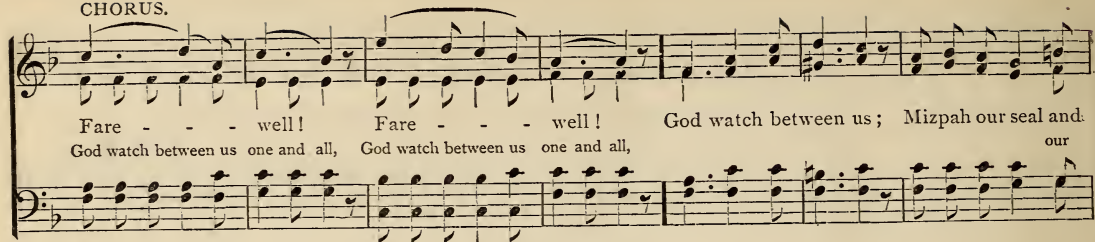
Music by G. FROELICH.

1. Fare - well, the Children's Day must close, The evening's shadow longer grows, 'Twill be a mem'-ry soon.  
2. Fare - well, we ut - ter soft and low; The sum-mer's heat, the winter's snow Will bring a-gain our day.  
3. Fare - well to-day, but oh, the time, When in a bet - ter, fair - er clime, That word shall be un - known.

But in our march a - long life's way, The ech-oes of the children's day Will long re-peat their tune.  
Now thro' the year still veil'd from sight, We'll strive to serve the Lord aright, With love His care-re - pay.  
Where a u - nit - ed school at last, With earthly joys and sor-rows past, We'll meet a-round the throne.

## Mizpah.—CONCLUDED.

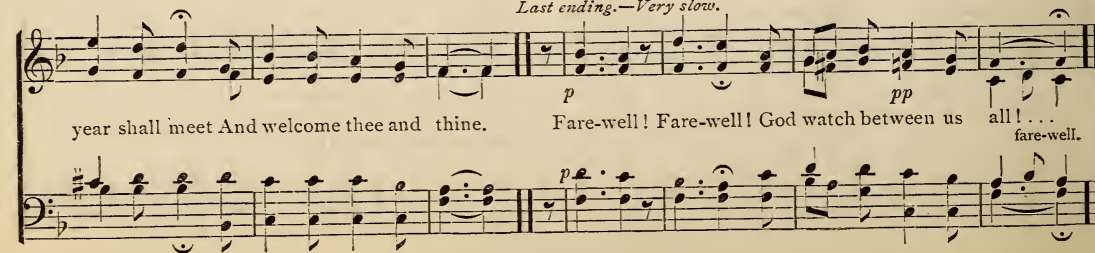
## CHORUS.



Fare - - - well! Fare - - - well! God watch between us; Mizpah our seal and  
God watch between us one and all, God watch between us one and all, our



sign. .... Fare - - - well! .... Fare - - - well! .... Till we an-oth - er  
seal and sign, God watch between us one and all, God watch between us one and all.

*Last ending.—Very slow.*


year shall meet And welcome thee and thine. Fare-well! Fare-well! God watch between us all! ...  
fare-well.

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